Saturday Review

JULY 7, 1956 / 20¢

SR/RESEARCH
CIENCE & HUMANITY

loes like this one, shown crossing Kansas, may be Nature's short-circuit switch for the power behind our weather.

CAN THE ATOM CHANGE THE WEATHER?

A Special Science Report beginning on page 29.

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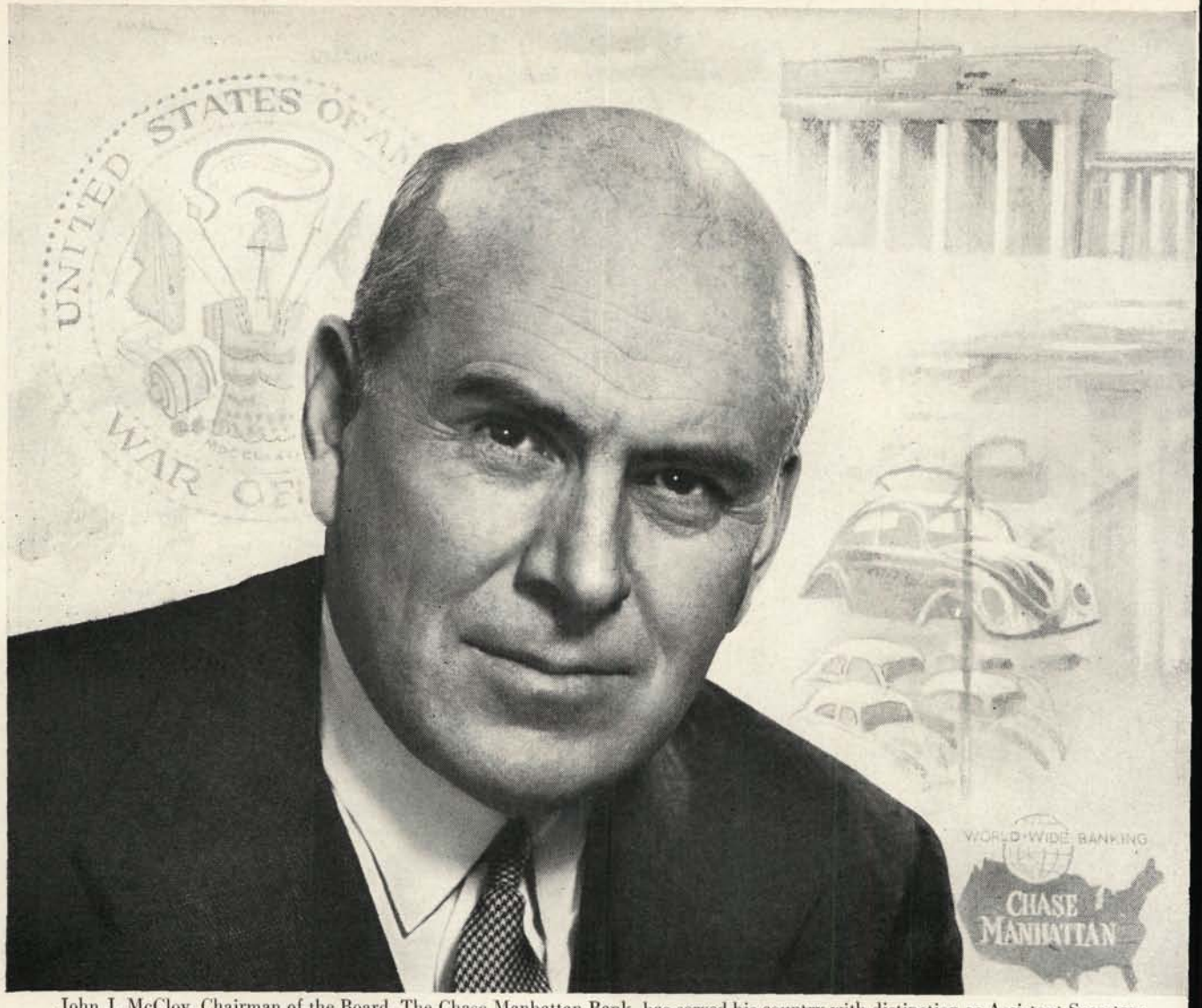


John J. McCloy, Chairman of the Board, The Chase Manhattan Bank, has served his country with distinction as Assistant Secretary of War (1941-45) . . . as President of the World Bank (1947-49) . . . as first civilian U.S. High Commissioner for Germany (1949-52).

Germany Comes Back—American Style

by JOHN J. McCLOY

Former U. S. High Commissioner for Germany

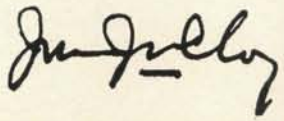
"Today in West Germany we see what is probably the most miraculous national economic recovery in history. German economists agree that this industrial miracle was achieved by hard work and the application of the competitive free enterprise system of business.

"With one third of Germany under Soviet domination, the West Germans in 1955 have already equaled the industrial production of pre-war Germany. This has happened in the sympathetic atmosphere of free enterprise. Significantly enough, East Germany, under a State-controlled Soviet economy, has made no such comeback.

"To millions of the world's people, now trying to choose between freedom and communism, this is powerful evidence. Unlike you and me, they do not continually see the benefits of a competitive economy . . . as we do every time we stop at the corner grocery, the drug store, or the local service station.

"The record of our American oil industry is one of the most dramatic proofs of the benefits that competition brings. Gasoline quality has improved 50% since 1925 . . . but gasoline prices, excluding higher taxes, are still just about at the 1925 level. What's more, oil company competition keeps bringing us a constant flow of new and improved products—always at reasonable prices.

"That is why we must cherish and preserve our freedom of competitive enterprise . . . to retain our own unmatched way of life . . . to make sure America will continue to lead in the titanic struggle to keep men free."



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The Saturday Review

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXIX, No. 27, July 7, 1956. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1956 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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TRADE Winds

THE STORY OF A BIBLE

BECAUSE of a sudden break in the weather I recently spent four hours—all of them totally unexpected—in the handsome new Milwaukee airport, but the delay was made painless—pleasant, in fact—by the company of Martin Chervin, sales manager of that old and prosperous publishing house, Thomas Nelson and Sons.

I always had wondered about the circumstances surrounding the fabulously successful publication of the new Revised Standard Version of the Bible, and with some prodding (and additional statistics supplied later) I extracted from Chervin the following data.

In 1937 a resolution was passed by the International Council of Religious Education (now the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the United States of America) stating that because of the archeological discoveries of the previous seventy-five years and the changes in meanings of words since the publication of the King James Version of the Bible in 1611 a comprehensive revision should be made to

> embody the best results of modern scholarship as to the meaning of the Scriptures, and express this meaning in English diction which is designed for use in public and private worship and preserve those qualities which have given to the King James Version a supreme place in English literature.

With this resolution began the work of revision that became the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. The committee, headed by Dr. Luther A. Weigle, dean-emeritus of Yale Divinity School, was immediately faced with the problem of financing, and Thomas Nelson and Sons, Publishers, agreed to advance money to assist in the work of the Committee. The result of the first nine years' work was the Revised Standard Version New Testament, which was published in 1946 and enthusiastically accepted by clergy and laymen alike. This success encouraged the committee to go on with their task since it was apparent the American public was ready and anxious for a version of the Bible in present-day English.

Originally it was the aim of the committee to publish the complete Bible in 1950, but due to the unprecedented amount of work and checking that was necessary the publication date was set back to 1952. By that time almost 2,000,000 copies of the New Testament already had been sold.

Obviously, the new operation was going to be a block-buster. Thomas Nelson was a conservative outfit, managed by careful, conservative men, but even they could see that the coming campaign called for the kind of advertising genius that could make a President. They made a beeline for Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborne. Even B.B.D. and O. were impressed with the initial advertising and promotion budget of $500,000—and well they should have been. There never has been anything like it in the history of American publishing.

Nelson's salesmen began taking orders for the RSV on January 1, 1952, and found buyers so eager that a contemplated first print run of 600,000 was raised to 1,100,000 by early summer. Despite all the favorable auguries Nelson's president, William McCulley, admits that his hand was shaking when he signed the print order. That first edition consumed more than 1,000 tons of paper and 16,670 pounds of ink. For more persistent statistical fiends, it also used up 140 tons of binders' board, ten tons of type metal, seventy-one and one-half miles of 40″ cloth, and 18,750,000 yards of thread. Stacked in one pile those 1,100,000 Bibles, each only an inch and a half thick, would have towered twenty-four miles into the stratosphere—higher than 100 Empire State Buildings—Raymond Loewy radiating beams and all!

THE RSV was issued originally in two styles—a maroon buckram binding priced at $6 and a black genuine leather binding at $10. It was on the leather-bound edition that the publishers made their major miscalculation. Everybody, but *everybody*, wanted one, it seemed. By publication day Nelson had sold every last copy bound in leather, and executives had only one recourse when orders for 173,000 more came pouring in within the following eleven days. They cut off their telephones and took to the hills!

Frantic booksellers, finding their wires and phone calls unanswered, bore down upon the Nelson warehouse in Camden in a frontal attack. Some came in Cadillacs, some in beaten-up runabout trucks. All vowed to maintain the blockade until they received another allotment of RSVs! Harassed Nelson spokesmen explained patiently that genuine leather Bibles are made by hand, and that although twelve binderies around the country were gilding and binding additional supplies as quickly as they possibly could, it obviously was going to take months to catch up with orders already filed.

I happened to lunch with Miss Mattie Straughan, in Greensboro, N. C., on publication date of the Revised Standard Version. Determined to preserve her reputation as one of the greatest and most dependable booksellers in the country, Miss Mattie, who waved unfilled orders for over 200 leather-bound Bibles under my nose, soon realized she was not going to get Nelson headquarters on the long-distance phone, and solicited aid from the Camden police. Two burly cops, admitting that in all the history of the Camden police department no comparable crisis had come to light, sped to the Nelson bindery with sirens screaming, brushed past the watchman, and cornered the head of the shipping department, who gave them his own personal copy of the RSV—and resigned on the spot. (He reconsidered later.)

How does the situation stack up four years later? Well, the total sale of the RSV—now that production has caught up with demand—is over the 4,000,000 mark. Nelson statisticians assert that this averages out to one RSV Bible sold every thirty seconds a day and night since publication date of September 30, 1952: From the two original editions Nelson gradually has expanded the line. RSVs now come in thirty-two different bindings.

Forty denominations now have endorsed the Revised Standard Version. Bids and sales for 1956 are hitting a new peak. Nelson's exclusive with the RSV will expire in 1962. At that time the National Council of Churches almost undoubtedly will license other publishers to bring out their own editions, but Nelson will go on with theirs, nevertheless, and even now are planning new formats to expand the present line.

Meanwhile Dr. Weigle and the ninety other scholars who worked faithfully for twelve years to make the new Bible virtually error-proof may rest assured that their labors were amply justified and that they have supplied the book business with the biggest—and one of the most rewarding—best-sellers in all its history.

—BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review

JULY 7, 1956

A NEW SATURDAY REVIEW SERIES: THE ECONOMICS OF THE ARTS

—The Toledo Museum of Art.

"The Flute Player," by Franz Hals

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Art is expensive. Maybe the Cro-Magnon man could get along with red ochre and a wedge of cedar to whittle, but his successors soon invented the innumerable impedimenta our Society collects in pursuit of Culture: concert halls and 100-piece orchestras; pianos and harps and organs; huge blocks of imported marble and granite; 5,000,000-volume libraries, concordances,* variorum *editions, lexicons, indices; scholarships, fellowships, instructorships, professorships. We know that this apparatus is unwieldy, but how unwieldy? What are the chances of a twenty-one-year-old's seeing one of his poems published or hearing one of his quartets performed? How possible is it for a fair-sized American city to establish a good museum? A good symphony orchestra? In attempting to answer these and similar questions the editors of* The Saturday Review *found themselves with a new series on their hands: The Economics of the Arts. Below, the first article deals with getting the cream of private art collections out where the public can see it. Thomas B. Sherman, the author, edits* The St. Louis Post-Dispatch *Sunday book page.*

ART AND TAXES

By THOMAS B. SHERMAN

IF THE accumulation of highly prized and valuable art objects indicates a nearer approach to a igh culture the American people are aking significant progress. Ameri- an art collections, both private and ublic, are becoming increasingly im- ortant.

From one point of view this is no ore than a demonstration of Yankee cquisitiveness. We buy what we can- ot make, and we are now buying ore than ever because we are richer an ever. To put it in that way sug- ests further that our appreciation of hat we buy is affected more by its alue in the market place than by its trinsic quality.

From another point of view Ameri- ans are members of a world com- unity who are seeking the enlight- nment of art wherever it may be ound. And as the Renaissance was a enewal in Italian terms of an impulse ransmitted through Greece and ome so America, in its own time, will make its unique variation. Meanwhile we refuse to be disinherited.

As it happens most Americans, whether private collectors or museum officials, give little thought to the historical justification for their activities. What they are working for seems obviously good. So the collectors go on collecting and the museum directors go on improving their collections with whatever means they can command and with whatever objects—of any origin—they can acquire.

In general the American art museum is trying to preserve, strengthen, or complete a balanced collection with the purpose of presenting within each set of walls a connected history of art. Museums that started with donations reflecting a specialized or limited taste are quite naturally occupied with filling the gaps; while others hope to find better examples of a style or period already represented. Moreover, as the history of art is still being made no collection is ever complete. Some part of the significant work being done today must be added by tomorrow or the next day under the dynamic policy that most American museums have adopted.

The museums are therefore expanding or trying to. The few municipally supported institutions are seeking purchase funds from private sources; and the privately endowed institutions are receptive, at the least, to unencumbered government subsidies.

Undoubtedly the growth of American museums would have followed the upward curve of the American economy even if conditions affecting potential donors had not changed in the last thirty years. The public-mindedness of Americans which has founded and supported such a vast complex of charitable, scientific, and educational institutions was always directed in some measure, if not proportionately, to the support of art. The present tax structure, however, has further stimulated a natural tendency and given it perhaps a different direction.

One of the effects of high taxes is the "lend-back" system. Under this

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—*The Art Institute of Chicago.*

El Greco's "St. Martin and the Beggar."

system a collector can serve his private taste and become a public benefactor at the same time. He does this by purchasing an object of his own choice and donating it to an art museum. He then enters the price as a deduction on his income tax. The picture, of course, belongs to the museum; but under an arrangement which differs from place to place the donor is permitted to retain possession of it on a year-to-year basis for varying periods of time.

The City Art Museum of St. Louis has acquired about fifty paintings and other objects through this plan. They include Cézanne's "Bathers," Manet's "Portrait of Mme. Guillemet," van Gogh's "The Vineyards at Auvers," Vuillard's "Art Dealers," and Picasso's "Seated Woman," all highly regarded by experts and all received as a direct result of the lend-back arrangement.

The lend-back system in St. Louis has been stimulated in part by a group of citizens known as The Friends of the City Art Museum. The Friends were organized four years ago mainly for the purpose of supplementing the Museum's income, which up to that time had been supplied almost entirely by the proceeds of a mill tax on real property in the city proper. The expansion of the St. Louis area has occurred largely outside the city limits, which meant that many of the beneficiaries of the Museum were not being taxed for its support. Organization and growth of the Friends partly adjusted an inequitable situation. Their members, 1,600 or more, pay in to the Museum about $45,000 a year, which is used largely for purchases.

What is more important, they are active and enthusiastic missionaries of art. Most of the donors of lend-back objects are Friends, many others are avid collectors. Unquestionably their activities have enhanced the value of the Museum's collection, both directly and indirectly. It also seems likely that they are responsible for the fact that St. Louis is reputed to have the most valuable collections of modern art outside New York and Chicago.

Similar organizations are operating in sixty cities of the United States and Canada under various names, and their representatives recently held a meeting in St. Louis to discuss strategy. As is usual in American movements of this kind, the larger part of the organizational and promotion work is done by women.

The Art Institute of Chicago has acquired sixty-seven paintings (as of March 1) on the lend-back system. The practice there is to allow the donor to keep the object six months out of each year. During the time he has possession the donor is required —as elsewhere—to insure the object, to guarantee that it not be moved from his house without permission, and to return it within thirty days upon call.

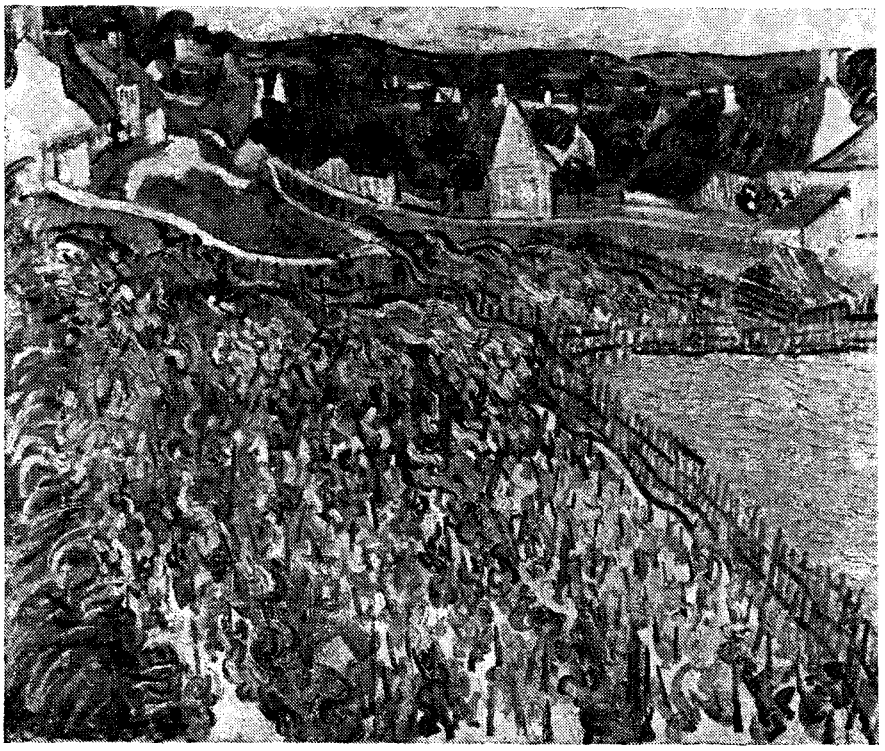
The Toledo Museum began working out a form of the lend-back plan i the early 1920s. Its directors had note that promises given to museums b potential benefactors had not alway been honored by their heirs. To as sure ultimate possession by the To ledo Museum its founder, Edward . Libbey, established a pattern by deed ing his collection outright with th proviso that he would retain it dur ing his lifetime. The collection in cluded several world-famous picture such as Rembrandt's "Self Portrait a a Young Man," "The Minstrel," b Franz Hals, and "Man with Win Glass," by Velasquez.

More recently the Toledo Museur has established a more rigid practice Gifts are accepted with no provisio for a lend-back tacit or otherwis though in some instances they hav been loaned to the donor.

A variation of the lend-back allow the donor to keep a "life-interest" i the object. This means that he can re tain the donated work at the discre tion of the Museum, and in practic it could mean that he would keep for his lifetime. In this instance th Treasury Department places a valu upon the "interest" acquired by th Museum at the time the object i deeded, which the donor is allowed t deduct from his income tax.

An important Eastern museum which has also acquired a few picture under the lend-back plan, consider that the "life-interest" plan is prefer able for the institution. The Nationa

(*Continued on page* 26)



—*City Art Museum, St. Louis*

"Vineyards at Auvers," by Vincent van Gogh.

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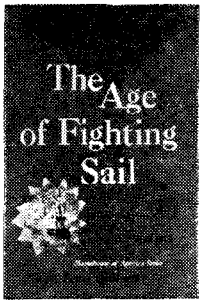


SR's *Book of the Week:*

"THE AGE OF FIGHTING SAIL"

Author: C. S. Forester

By THEODORE ROSCOE

LONG ago (in 1930) this reviewer was rummaging around London in search of fiction plots and a glimpse of H. M. Tomlinson (an aspiring young writer's god) in Sheriff's Wine Cellars. It was in that setting that I mentioned the War of 1812 to a British acquaintance and was told he'd never heard of it. Neither had my spinsterish literary agent. Nor had the desk clerk at the Russel Square. I was not too surprised at this ignorance of American history, for the new current display at Madame Tussaud's featured a wax Benjamin Franklin as an "early American President." No wonder, I thought, that my English friends were uninformed on the *Constitution*'s triumph over the *Guerrière*. Manifestly English history books were one-sided.

That Americans could be equally unversed in history came home to me in 1943. For the Navy's Training Division in Washington I prepared a brief history questionnaire for bluejackets, using the War of 1812 as a sampler. The sampler was tried on some officers, and the answers were revealing. It seemed that the U. S. Navy had clobbered the Royal Navy from start to finish, Stephen Decatur was slain by Alexander Hamilton, Nelson fought in that particular war, and the Battle of New Orleans was won by "Stonewall" Jackson.

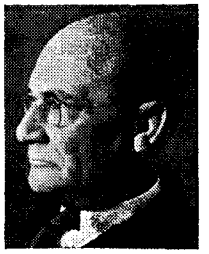
It seems to me that only two or three books on the War of 1812 appeared in the Thirties. But today when so many of us are talking about international diplomacy, world leadership, and sea power it might be well for us to probe for some facts behind these abstractions. Analogous aspects of the current situation were present in 1812 when the United States was locked in a power struggle with Europe's No. 1 nation. There were the ideological war ("freedom of the seas"), the conflict over "economic aggression," the menace to America's shores, and the arguments over defense. There was even subversion, of a type more dangerous than any evident today: two high U. S. generals were suspected of treason and New England threatened to secede.

Now C. S. Forester (an Englishman) contributes to our enlightenment with "The Age of Fighting Sail: The Story of the Naval War of 1812" (Doubleday, $5.75) which is perhaps the best book on the subject since Theodore Roosevelt's. As might be expected, the creator of Captain Hornblower writes of frigate actions with a masterful hand. In his text the major sea battles are storied in salty style. Rodgers, Hull, Bainbridge, Lawrence, Perry, and Decatur are paired off in fine perspective against their British opponents. The U. S. Navy gave a star-spangled account of itself in this conflict. Yet the odds were impossible. Thirteen warships against some 800!

But Mr. Forester also presents a three-dimensional history, furnishing background in depth with a scholarly analysis of the political and diplomatic jockeying behind the war. Thus we see little Mr. Madison pitted against the great Wellington—and both pitted against the muddlers in their respective capitals. We learn that American and British motives were not quite as they were advertised at the time. As Mr. Forester writes, "There are frequently profound differences between the real and ostensible causes of a war."

It was a needless, almost ridiculous conflict—as the book's author implies. Diplomatically both sides blundered grieviously. Conflict was sparked by national prides that would not permit compromise. Compared with those of Napoleonic scope the battles were matchflares. The fighting settled none of the original issues. Peace came as a virtual stalemate: it was merely an agreement to quit shooting.

Why, then, bother to read about this petty and bootless war? One answer: For the lessons it teaches. As for national policy the lesson of the War of 1812 is that "war marks the breakdown of policy." As for propaganda the lesson is that meaningless semantic blanks may lead to loaded cartridges. As for strategy the lesson is that an ounce of sea power can compel an enemy to expend tons of counterweight. As for leadership the lesson is that one officer with brains is worth a thousand mediocrities. All these were expensive lessons for both sides to learn in the War of 1812. They were also costly to taxpayers. But the next time some politician tries to tell you Korea was "the only war the U. S. failed to win" you can refer him to history and C. S. Forester's "The Age of Fighting Sail."



THE AUTHOR: In his fifty-seven years Cecil Scott Forester has authored novels, short stories, biographies, travel books, and juveniles. And now with the publication of "The Age of Fighting Sail" he has added straight history to his salt-sprayed repertoire. Though he likes to think of himself as a newspaperman first (having been a correspondent for *The New York Times* in Spain and Nazi-occupied Czechoslovakia during the Thirties) and only secondly as a novelist, he can't get away from the fact that his half-a-million colorful words on naval-hero Hornblower have established for him a topdrawer position in the field of historical fiction. In 1954, apparently exhausted by success, author Forester issued a communique: "There simply is no more Hornblower. . . . I've used him up."

Author Forester was born in Cairo, Egypt, saw Corsica, Spain, and France, then spent his boyhood in a London suburb, and later explored many waters in a fifteen-foot dinghy. Like Somerset Maugham and A. J. Cronin, he studied medicine but "laziness and indiscipline," as he puts it, led him into a writing career. In 1926 his novel "Payment Deferred," a study of a murderer's chaotic mind, gained a reputation not only for himself but also for Charles Laughton, who impersonated the murderer on the stage and in the movies. Since then all his fictional—and biographical ("Napoleon," "Josephine," and "Lord Nelson") —writings have given Forester enough research data to make his present factual history of the 1812-war on the seas between England and America a logical departure from the previous output, and the bespectacled and scholarly-looking Mr. Forester, whose voice is so low pitched that it "could be easily drowned out by one small bellow from Captain Horatio Hornblower," makes his home in Berkeley, California, which is surprisingly near Hollywood—a place which Mr. Forester, despite the success of "Payment Deferred," detested until John Huston, Katharine Hepburn, and Humphrey Bogart combined to produce a brilliant film of another successful Forester novel, "The African Queen."

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

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Beware the Bugle Call

"The Civilian and the Military," by Arthur A. Ekirch, Jr. *(Oxford University Press. 340 pp. $6.50), traces the militaristic spirit through American history. Our reviewer is Gordon Harrison, military writer for* The Detroit News.

By Gordon Harrison

LIKE most thoughtful people, Arthur A. Ekirch, Jr. is worried about the effect of a prolonged military preparedness program on democratic institutions. He is still more concerned about the decline of the American anti-militarist tradition which used to raise automatic alarm at standing armies and soldiers in high Government places. His book "The Civilian and the Military" is written to recall that tradition and warn against the perils that beset free men who allow themselves to be beguiled by uniforms or obsessed with thoughts of war.

America, he notes, began as fortunately as any nation on the road to peace. The colonists brought with them a solid British tradition against militarism as an instrument of tyranny. They came here variously to found a Christian commonwealth or seek their individual fortunes—a middle-class people to whom war was a folly of kings and a plague on trade. Turning their backs on the quarrels of Europe they settled beyond reach of the invader at the edge of a continent vast enough to preempt even their great energies for 250 years. If life on the frontier developed a certain lawlessness and belligerency it also cultivated a spirit of independence hostile to military organization and discipline. The Revolution itself, fought by a reluctant militia and fussed over by Congress, was as nearly a civilian war as the modern world has seen. It released, futhermore, a leveling spirit that successfully beat down the tentative dreams of glory entertained by a few Federalist gentlemen and officers thereafter.

This was the beginning and, for Mr. Ekirch, the closest we ever came to the liberal, democratic ideal. From that point he traces an undulating decline into bellicosity. He gives no reason why we should have taken this course, and, in fact, does not ask the question. Recurrent wars are historical facts here accepted as recurrent occasions for the unequal bouts between militarists and pacifists.

It is discouraging to Mr. Ekirch and will be to his readers. But the major source of discouragement is the author's failure to probe into the real dilemmas that have confronted men of good will through history when they had to choose between war and peace. By concentrating on the moment of crisis and focusing on militarism to the exclusion of all other social, political, and economic phenomena, he makes it appear that the issue has always been whether to fight or not to fight. The choice, furthermore, is presented only in moral terms. The wars in this book have no really significant causes but sin and no material consequences but the stultification of national conscience.

CLAUSEWITZ, no doubt, was being a classic militarist when he called war an extension of policy. But one cannot be a thoughtful anti-militarist by simply denying any connection between force and national aims. To insist that war is itself an absolute evil—and not only evil but insane—is to turn the complex struggle for civilization into an unreal tournament of straw men: a composite warmonger and a composite pacifist. Mr. Ekirch's gallery of fighters for the right is thus a weird miscellany including John Adams, Vallandigham, E. L. Godkin, Randolph Bourne, Coolidge, Gerald Nye, and Glen H. Taylor. The only opponents of war notably absent from the Pantheon are the Loyalists of the Revolution. This tacit admission that the Revolution was militarism justified is the only exception to the assumption that whoever opposed war for whatever reason, be it ostrichism, conscience, Communism, thrift, or sheer cussedness, was a friend of liberal democracy. The trouble with the view is not only that it distorts history but that it is not even truly moral, since by implication peace is thereby set as an ideal above justice.

—*White Studios.*

A. A. Ekirch, Jr.—"decline into bellicosity."

Plows and Politics

"Political Prairie Fire," by Robert L. Morlan *(University of Minnesota Press. 408 pp. $5.75), is a study of the Nonpartisan League, which spread the flames of political revolt through the farming areas of the Upper Midwest during the years 1915-1922. Here it is reviewed by Russel B. Nye, author of "Midwestern Progressive Politics" and the Pulitzer Prize-winning "George Bancroft: Brahmin Rebel."*

By Russel B. Nye

THE Nonpartisan League has long needed a chronicler. Though it flourished only from 1915 to 1922 in the grain-growing states of the Midwest the League represented the twentieth-century phase of the organized agrarian revolt that included the Grange, the Alliance, and the Western wing of the Populist Party. In the light of that farm-belt intransigency, which we have still with us, Robert L. Morlan's study of the Nonpartisan League "Political Prairie Fire" has perhaps more than historical interest. Since Wilson's comment a half century ago that "the voice of the West is the voice of protest" seems to be reaffirmed each generation a consideration of perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the most effective, manifestation of agrarian protest deserves more than passing attention.

The Nonpartisan League was frankly a farmers' pressure group, created by falling farm prices, boss political rule, and the organizing skill of A. C. Townley. To Townley the key to the solution of the farmers' trouble was political action, and the key to political action lay in organization. His aim was to develop a "non-partisan" bloc of votes that could be shifted to either major party to tip the balance of farm state political power. Taking full advantage of the relatively new machinery provided by the direct primary, the League therefore operated by throwing its support to "the best man for the job," avoiding the third-party trap into which so many previous protest movements had fallen. How Townley and his lieutenants did it is explained fully and carefully by Dr. Morlan in a well-documented, admirably-researched study.

They had more success than most, capturing one state (North Dakota), electing officials in several others, and sending several Congressmen to Washington. Reverberations of League politics were felt throughout the Mid-

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west for a good many years, and hough the League itself had virtually lisappeared by the early Twenties it eft a hard core of support for La Folette in 1924 and to some extent for he New Deal in 1932. The story of ıow Townley and the League built heir protest movement into a political organization that captured the Republican Party in the area and held t for several years makes informative eading for politicians, as some of hem have observed. As late as 1948 he Americans for Democratic Action ınd the Wallace Progressives both laimed League lineage and drew ıpon League experience in their Midvestern campaigns.

THOUGH the author's analysis of he League's organization and growth s historically pertinent, his comments ın its political philosophy and its imoact on Midwestern thinking are equally important. The League's proram, involving the public ownership of necessary agricultural services and acilities, had wider implications. It vas, in effect, a home-grown variety of state socialism, stemming from a lemand that the power of the state government be used, as a 1916 platorm phrased it, "to develop the state or the benefit of its citizens." If this neant adopting some so-called socialstic principles, the fact did not seem o frighten the embattled farmers, who could see nothing wrong with tate-owned elevators, flour mills, ıail insurance, and rural-credit banks. t was this charge of "socialism," a vord used rather loosely during the eriod to attack almost any progresive economic or political reform, that ontributed to its downfall. The patriotic hysteria of World War I alowed its opponents to call the League pro-German," "disloyal," "un-Amerıan," and other names that helped to iscredit it. Nevertheless, the radicalsm of 1916 is to a large extent toay's accepted practice in farm polcy.

The Nonpartisan League, as Dr. Morlan points out, left a distinctive tamp on the political personality of ne Midwestern farm belt. It shaped ne thinking of a significant segment f the nation's voters, taught the ırmer a necessary lesson about the nportance of pressure groups and olitical organization, laid the foun ation for a later Midwestern liberlism, and gave birth to at least one ıfluential state political party, Minesota's Farmer-Labor coalition. The uthor, who teaches government at ne University of Redlands, has done real service in compiling this auhoritative account of one of the most

(*Continued on page 22*)

FICTION

Futility and a Furnished Room

"The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne," by Brian Moore *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 223 pp. $3.50), is a first novel by a hitherto unknown Irish-born writer whose work is reminiscent of Joyce, O'Faolain, and O'Connor.*

By Martin Levin

THE FIRST novel of Brian Moore, a thirty-five-year-old Belfast-born writer, is a stringent and moving one. It is primarily a dirge for a spinster and a city. The spinster is Miss Judith Hearne, a lady of what used to be called faded gentility. The city is Moore's native Belfast, which, as seen through his somewhat jaundiced eye, becomes a warren of oppressive meanness. As a novel Mr. Moore's story may set the tourist trade to Ulster back fifty years, but it should do much to advance the stock of its author, for he is a writer of talent.

As Mr. Moore sees her Judith Hearne is a character who has been scarred by waiting, waiting "to go off, off to something better, something that might lead to something wonderful." But her dreams never materialize. There is no Paris honeymoon for her and there is no trip to New York on the *Queen*. There is just a furnished room at the end of the line, one of a succession of dreary bed-sitting rooms which she has inhabited since the passing of her tyrannical guardian aunt. In place of the miracles of which she had dreamed there are only the sordid realities of boardinghouse life and the desperate knowledge that the fulfilment of her dreams is slipping farther away with the passage of years.

Of his native Belfast, the city which serves as the prison for Judith Hearne's aspirations, Mr. Moore has neither a kind—nor a colorless—word. He writes: "The drab façades of the buildings" in the center of the city, dominated by "the staring white ugliness of City Hall," are "monuments to . . . [the] mediocrity" of the "dour Ulster burghers" who walk among them. It is from this dead center that Mr. Moore's heroine makes her furtive excursions into "the gritty gloom of evening, down gray, drab streets, fringed by rows of mean little working-class houses" to the spirits shop which abets her secret vice.

Brian Moore—"writer of talent."

The balm which she buys at the spirits shop fortifies Judith against the awareness of her failure and against the human menagerie which inhabits her boardinghouse. Her landlady's son, for example, is a horrid-looking fellow. "Fat as a pig he is," writes Mr. Moore, "and his face the color of cottage cheese . . . like some monstrous baby swelled to man size." A lady boarder is a bluenose busybody whose distinguishing feature is a head of "short-clipped whitish hair, like a fox terrier." The most sympathetic character of the lot is the landlady's brother, a returned sojourner in America whose lucid moments are punctuated by excessive tippling and compulsive sexual sorties.

From these vistas Judith takes refuge in religion and in the well-known brand of John Jameson whiskey, until a final shattering disillusionment makes it difficult for her to accept solace from either.

All this creeping horror is detailed by Mr. Moore with frequent flashes of wit and an impartial distaste for almost everything that swims into his line of vision. The dingy hopelessness with which he suffuses the city of Belfast is reminiscent of the depressing horizon of James Joyce's "Dubliners" and of the moldering visions in the work of O'Faolain and O'Connor. The result is a good novel.

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Gunnar Helander—"agonizing problems."

Justified Missionary

"Black Rhapsody," by Gunnar Helander *(translated by Margery Osberg. Harper. 214 pp. $3), tells in fictional terms of life in a South African mission, all seen through the eyes of a well-meaning Swedish missionary.*

By Milton Crane

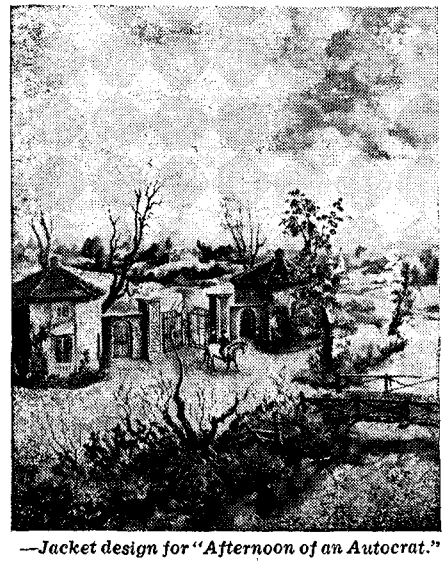
THE ENORMOUS complex of social, political, and economic problems that is Africa continues to inspire a seemingly endless flow of novels, and Gunnar Helander's "Black Rhapsody" ranks with the best of these in its transmutation of the author's long and close observation of many aspects of South African life into a thoughtful, deeply felt, and strongly convincing work of the imagination.

Mr. Helander is not a sociologist who has undertaken to splice half a dozen case histories into the simulacrum of a novel (which deceives and interests no one). In his novel he has approached the South African situation as he has known it in his own life, telling the story of a Swedish missionary in a small mission in Natal. We see Pastor Halvdan Knutson endeavoring to solve a diversity of agonizing problems that beset both his native and white parishioners, fighting the opposition of Boer and German farmers, and at last overcoming his own discouragement and doubts about the value of his work.

Knutson himself, perhaps inevitably, is the least sharply delineated of the book's chief characters. From time to time we are taken directly into his mind. Through the letters he writes to an old friend and classmate in Sweden we trace the development of his ideas and attitudes as he complains of his profound loneliness, describes his many problems, and attempts to explain and justify his vocation. The letters are a series of soliloquies, but they are far from undramatic, for they reveal the division in Knutson's soul and enable us to measure the magnitude of his ultimate victory.

But the other portraits are without exception arresting and memorable: Harris, the uprooted mulatto who is driven by frustration and jealousy to murder his wife, Beauty; Mdluli, the Zulu convert who serves Knutson as a respected teacher and assistant, but who has drifted into adultery with Beauty Harris; Agda Frykenstam, the stern old Swedish nurse, whose example of Christian love and unsparing self-abnegation makes Knutson despair of emulating her; Herbert Dehlinger, a German farmer and the seducer of a native girl, living in fear of discovery and inciting his neighbors against Knutson, to whom he has confessed his sin; and Sibusiso, Mdluli's wife, who takes into her home the child of her husband and Beauty Harris, thereby demonstrating to Knutson that his teachings have not gone unregarded.

All these people are drawn with the utmost economy of means and are presented to us in a number of vivid scenes: a police raid on a native beer-hall, the investigation of Knutson and his mission farm by a group of officials seeking evidence of Communist activity, the wedding party at the German church in New Hildesheim, the sealing of friendship between Knutson and Mdluli. Through these scenes Mr. Helander expresses vigorously his criticism of the South African situation and his hopes for the future; but he is too good an artist ever to become doctrinaire or simplistic.



—Jacket design for "Afternoon of an Autocrat."

". . . major social transition."

LIFE IN A MANOR HOUSE: Norah Lofts is best known for her popular novel "Bless This House," a story which recreated bygone eras of English life and spanned many generations in doing so; and now, in **"Afternoon of an Autocrat"** (Doubleday, $3.95), Miss Lofts is once again working in much the same vein. The period is early nineteenth century, and the major social transition affecting the English manorial villages is the new and radical practice called "enclosure"—the division and fencing in of grazing lands long held in common.

Miss Lofts's novel depicts the tides of opinion which result from this innovation and shows the often disastrous effects it brought into the lives of even some of those who had looked hopefully upon it. Also, she weaves into her fabric the influence of early Methodism in some of the village families.

Each of the first two chapters of "Afternoon of an Autocrat" achieves an excellent effect. At the outset old Sir Charles Shelmadine sets forth by horse on what will be his last ride around his estate and village. Compressed into this brief character study is a sense of the whole state of affairs in rural England at the close of the eighteenth century, all of it wrought adroitly. Next we find ourselves in India. Here Linda, the wife of Sir Charles's wastrel son, Richard, takes her farewell of an aging rajah, Surunda Ghotal. The contemptuous and contemptible Richard has failed in the mission that had brought him there, but between the Rajah and the Englishwoman a fascinating and moving friendship has evolved. This chapter is a jewel in itself, for Miss Lofts is at her best. But, unhappily, as Richard and Linda return to England the story development lapses into more commonplace patterns of historical fiction. Before we have finished Richard's natural taste for depravity has led him into collaborating at devil worship in a buried temple of Mithras which is discovered on the estate, and melodrama gains the upper hand, making for what may well be a widely popular story but one so watered down that the book fails of its high promise. —EDMUND FULLER.

TROUBLES OF LUCIUS: If Robert S. deRopp's historical novel **"If I Forget Thee"** (St. Martin's Press, $3.95) is an example of what a scientist can do on applying himself to literary

(*Continued on page 24*)

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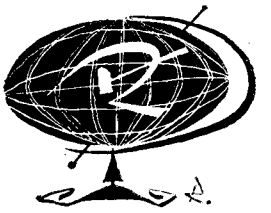
New Look at Russia



***ussia and America: Dangers and ›spects," by Henry L. Roberts** ırper. 251 pp. $3.50), sums up the lings of a two-year study of the blems confronting Russo-American tions which was undertaken by the ncil on Foreign Relations, New k. Here the volume is reviewed by othy Fosdick, former member of policy planning staff of the U. S. e Department and author of "Com- Sense and World Affairs."*

Dorothy Fosdick

FEW weeks ago a group of well- known foreign policy experts lished a report after an inten- two-year study. The name of report is "Russia and America: igers and Prospects." It was com- ed under the auspices of the ncil on Foreign Relations of New k and it was written by Henry L. erts, director of the Russian In- ıte at Columbia University, with a word by John J. McCloy. The tral thesis of this report is that the iet Union's new techniques could ve disastrous for the free world. his foreword Mr. McCloy puts it way: "Though our strong deter- t power may prevent Soviet ag- ssion we could lose the struggle freedom because of failures in the -military area."

ctually no government policy ıner would find much that is new his report. But many of its ideas be new to the wider public, and ıe of these are important ideas ch Americans should take to heart. example:

Granted that there have been nges in the Soviet system, the re- t makes it clear that we cannot e confidence that these changes be advantageous to us or to the of the free world.

The present regime of the Soviet on, says the report, continues to e unlimited intentions for the ntual expansion of the Soviet on and is profoundly hostile to us.

We should not let the temptation reducing military manpower lead to the error of relying solely on atomic power in a period when forms of limited war and "creeping" expansion are more likely than an all-out war.

- The Soviet Union has not given up violence. New techniques have simply been added to its arsenal.
- This country needs a balanced arsenal of weapons in order to limit as little as possible the choice of means available to the responsible political authorities when and if Soviet-instigated violence breaks out. The report says: "We should not let the availability of weapons impose answers that should be made on political as well as strategic grounds."
- A nation which is "neutral" can be on "our" side if it works persistently toward the international community symbolized by the principles of the United Nations.
- Technical assistance is required by underdeveloped countries which are in the process of change and development, but the real problem is not to teach people the way to use new tools. The real problems is to discover the appropriate tools for a particular society.

THE report does not deal with particular crises, such as the crises of Quemoy and Matsu, or of South Vietnam. Rather it deals with middle- and long-term issues revolving around Soviet totalitarianism and the wartime atom. America's problem is posed in this way: We are faced with the need for escaping Communist world domination on the one hand and with the need for averting an all-out nuclear war on the other hand.

Unhappily, some of the issues raised in the report are passed over without convincing analysis. For example, is a multi-lateral defense pact, like SEATO, an appropriate instrument in the South Asian area? The report does not face up to this issue. Nor does the report clearly analyze this question: What are the limits and possibilities of military aid in Asia and Africa? It is no longer convincing simply to recommend that increasing military assistance is a good thing. Another question incompletely discussed by the report: For what type of project is the United Nations actually a more useful agency than is some other agency? It is not persuasive merely to say, as does the report, that the U.N. can play an important role in non-military fields.

One must regret that the report was not radically reshaped into a more useful analysis for the general public by Mr. Roberts. He has tried to do justice to the many points of view of the members of the group of foreign-policy experts who took part in the two-year study. But in so doing he has written a report which is both academic and labored. It reads like a policy planner's manual. Perhaps it is as a result of this fact that the report fails to be as useful as it might be. If a report of a two-year study has any useful purpose it is to give wider currency to helpful ideas in foreign policy. Yet this is another case in which the foreign-policy experts have failed to communicate effectively with the public.

One wishes that the entire book were as readable for the layman as is the skilful introduction. It is in this introduction that Mr. McCloy points out that we and our partners must develop the required military strength to deter the Kremlin from aggression. Then, he wisely adds, we must also take more seriously than we yet have taken the economic, social, and political implications of Soviet actions.

Outer Drive

By Edwin Honig

HEAT of nightfall, and the heave and start,
Beside a quivering sleek trolley on the track,
Of a sudden snub-cabbed truck, trailerless,
Intense; like a bullhead bodiless it rockets
Just grazing past the green tan flank
Of the wincing public car, lit up with heads
Featured in the window squares, going
Straight and ironbound, by safety islands,
Down the flickering neon evening, home—

While the deathless disembodied bullhead of a truck
Escapes: past stoplights raging, headlights steaming
Rips through city limits eating, eating,
Eating all the highway up to Albany.

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The Road to Russification

"Soviet Russian Nationalism," by Frederick E. Barghoorn *(Oxford University Press. 330 pp. $7), explores the blending of Socialist idealism and chauvinism which developed in the Soviet Russia of Joseph Stalin. Our reviewer is Harry Schwartz, author of Russia's Soviet Economy."*

By Harry Schwartz

THE relationship between the Marxist and the Russian elements in Soviet civilization has long fascinated students of the Soviet Union. But the reason for that fascination has been a paradox: Claiming to represent one of the most international of all ideologies the Soviet Union has often acted like a purely Great Russian state, oppressing non-Russian minorities culturally and using the Russian language and culture as an instrument of cultural imperialism abroad. Adding to the paradox, of course, has been the fact that much of the Russification of Soviet policy was the work of a non-Russian, the Georgian Joseph Stalin.

It is this paradox which Professor Barghoorn explores most ably in his new volume entitled "Soviet Russian Nationalism." With a wealth of evidence he lays bare the curious blend of internationalist socialist idealism and Great Russian chauvinism which developed under Stalin. He shows also the contradictions and conflicts which arose from this union of incompatible elements. For all the material successes achieved by the Soviet state, he concludes, "The Kremlin has failed to create a vital and emotionally satisfying new culture." Yet the process of Russification has gone a long way both within the Soviet Union and increasingly in other Communist countries.

Professor Barghoorn's study is indispensable background for understanding some of the most important trends in the current post-Stalinist Soviet policy. Even a brief list of the changes is impressive. There is now a less chauvinistic attitude toward foreign, non-Communist countries and a greater willingness to admit that the Soviet Union can learn from others. There is a somewhat freer atmosphere for non-Russian Soviet cultures to develop and some cultures (for example the Yiddish culture) are being permitted a limited degree of revival after having been sternly repressed. The extreme centralization of authority in Moscow under Stalin is being relaxed, with greater authority being given to the governments of Soviet minority republics. These and other retreats, of course, proceed in a milieu in which the basic forces making for Russification still go on unweakened.

Major sections of Nikita S. Khruschchev's attack on Stalin testify to the great tensions built up by Stalin's policies. Mr. Khruschchev attacked the exiling of entire peoples, saying that even the Ukrainians would have been wrenched from their homeland if they had not been so numerous. He rehabilitated many purged leaders who had been removed in the past on the grounds of "bourgeois nationalism." Yet Mr. Khruschchev also showed he was unwilling to meet the basic issue of whether non-Russian Soviet peoples should be allowed to decide for themselves the question of their relation to the Russians. In attacking Stalin's fears of bourgeois nationalism in Georgia Mr. Khruschchev preferred to deal with the straw man of Georgian-Turkish union rather than with the basic aspiration for Georgian independence.

How far the retreat from Stalinist chauvinism will go remains to be seen. That it will have sharp limits seems likely. The men in the Kremlin must even now be troubled by a gnawing worry. Having conceded that Yugoslavia and China may have their separate roads to socialism may not have to deal with the simila mand from Uzbekistan and Arm Azerbaijan and Latvia? The G gians whom Soviet troops had t in Tiflis last March proved, afte that the basic contradiction bet Russian and non-Russian intere the Soviet Union has been s neither by Stalin's Russification by his successors' partial retrc..t.

LIFE OF A TSAR: There has been ge agreement on the force and the of Peter the Great's reign, bu challenge remains to comprehen make sense of his fabulous char and of his prodigious and sensat undertakings. In **"Peter the G** (translated by Viola Garvin; Ma lan, $4.50) biographer Constant Grunwald has not taken up the lenge in its entirety but has set self a limited goal. His goal: To vide the non-specialist with a nev reliable introduction to the man his times, and this he has done. whole drama of Peter's life is tl his troubled boyhood, his conque political power, his unprecede embassy to Western Europe, his and downs in the Great Northern his far-reaching reforms, the g deur and misery of his power, the stark tragedies of his domesti Mr. de Grunwald presents no facts, but the reason is simple: are no new caches of startling d ments in which to seek such t ures. Soviet scholars have publ some source material in recent and have added to the monogr literature on Peter, but the basi today's judgment is little diff from that of fifty or more years

—SIDNEY HARCA

"Thanks, but I've already been somebody's 'most unforgettable character he ever

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The Sage in Retrospect

H. L. Mencken: A Portrait from lemory," by Charles Angoff *Thomas Yoseloff. 240 pp. $3.95), is a hotograph, perhaps a caricature, of the age of Baltimore by a longtime aide.*

By Samuel T. Williamson

WITH the confetti of a Harvard Class Day scarcely out of his air Charles Angoff decided that Bos- on "didn't have enough cultural life," nd took a $22-a-week job with a ea-bitten weekly in Revere, one of oston's less cultured suburbs. He rote paragraphs, some of which he hosted for Peggy, his boss's Boston errier. Also he turned out a signed olumn, "Flights and Fancies," sparked y faithful reading of *The Nation, ew Republic,* and dog-eared copies f *Smart Set.* After sending copies of is columns to magazine and news- aper editors his only summons for n interview came from Henry L. lencken, who with George Jean Na- an and backed by Alfred Knopf had ist launched *The American Mercury.*

During their discussion of a job ith *The Mercury* Mencken "opened ie door of the bathroom and urinated ithout bothering to apologize." An- off couldn't imagine President Low- l of Harvard or Ellery Sedgwick of *he Atlantic Monthly* doing such a ing "in front of anyone," and Mencken's act somehow made him an ven greater man in my eyes." That escription somehow sets the tone of harles Angoff's "H. L. Mencken: A ortrait from Memory."

Much of the book is Mencken con- ersation, recorded, Mr. Angoff says, ther from notes made at the time or om memory. After ten years with lencken at *The Mercury,* editing to is taste and collaborating with him articles, Mr. Angoff should be able write *à la* Mencken even in his eep. Consequently his book has a enuine Mencken flavor, but too much it is casual banter with no more alue than bad words which nasty ttle boys write on privy doors. The onder is, first, why this talk was eemed worthy of noting down at the me and, second, why wasn't it for- otten instead of remembered.

The Mencken emerging from the ngoff portrait is more bigoted in his

H. L. Mencken—". . . so forth and so on."

way than a Ku Kluxer was in his. In learning he was as shallow as a pie-plate; and he was a more cynical editor than Hearst at the depth of yellow journalism. Mencken regarded democracy as "the worst form of government ever devised by man" and American democracy as "the worst in Christendom." Abraham Lincoln "will smell to high heaven," and "the poor coons would have been a damn sight better off if slavery had continued. . . . There should be more slavery in this country, everywhere. Freedom is too heady a wine for most people."

The most civilized people, according to Mencken as Boswelled by Angoff, are the Germans. British and French are "liars, a dying race," Italians "aren't worth a second thought," Spaniards and Portuguese are "the dregs of mankind" and "a squad of Kentucky colonels could lick the whole Japanese army and navy."

The Mencken literary heroes were Hergesheimer, Cabell, Bierce, Ring Lardner, and George Ade. Thomas Wolfe was "a dirty slop." Hemingway "can't write. Just a bad boy who's probably afraid of the dark." And as for Faulkner "there is no more sense in him than in the wop boob Dante."

Religion was "an indecent business, and every man knows it and keeps away from it." When dealing with clergymen, *Mercury* writers were advised, *"cherchez la femme.* There are usually several cuties in their past—the plump soprano in the choir, the village prostitute, the young wife of the elderly town banker—sometimes maybe even a high-school boy." Politicians were just above the clergy on the lowest ladder rungs. "A man in public office is fair game and protected by no rules." Angoff records that Mencken denounced "every President of the United States in his lifetime" and that the only one for whom he had "any shred of respect was Grover Cleveland, based not on anything Cleveland did in the White House but on his admission that he had fathered an illegitimate child."

"All his life," says Angoff, "Mencken apparently yearned to be known as something more than a journalist —as a man of great learning." His knowledge of German was less extensive than was apparent and still less for Latin and Greek. "If you pepper your magazine with italicized French and German and Latin phrases," he advised Angoff, "the boobs and gentry will think you're pretty fancy stuff, and they and the censors will take a lot from you that they wouldn't take if you used ordinary good English without any foreign words."

And so forth and so on. "Mencken is pretty much like New York," Charles A. Beard told Angoff. "Very exhilarating at the beginning—and then it gets monotonous."

To this add Mencken's comment long after he sought arrest on Boston Common for printing the "Hatrack" story in *The Mercury.* "If you're going to fight the moralists fight them with something that has high literary value in itself, that you're not ashamed of. Fighting for a principle with inferior goods is sheer foolishness."

If the Angoff portrait is photographic rather than a caricature, then Mencken has been cut down to size. If it isn't, then the greater reflection is against the caricaturist who says he was a personal friend.

Alas!

By Winfield Townley Scott

I WAS about to
Shut off the garden spray
When I
Saw two pigeons bathing beneath it.
One
Squatly huddled (wife?)
The other
Clumsily turning, turning, and lifting
Arthritically—leaning foundered—
A slate-blue wing from a white side
Then the other side
Slowly round and round.
So I
Waited them out, thinking
O God, do I want to be liked even
by pigeons?

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A Poet's Heights and Depths

"The Collected Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1785-1806," edited by Earl Leslie Griggs *(Oxford University Press. 2 vols. 1219 pp. $16.80), in a sense serves as the autobiography of the great poet to his thirty-fourth year. Our reviewer, Professor Richard Armour of Scripps College, is co-author of "Coleridge the Talker" and has also led a non-Coleridge life as the author of such books as "It All Started with Europa."*

By Richard Armour

"I AM in a quickset hedge of embarrassments," Coleridge once wrote Joseph Cottle, his publisher, "and whichever way I turn a thorn runs into me." The letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge are pincushion-full of the thorns of ill health, marital incompatibility, thwarted plans, remorse for real and fancied sins, and near-poverty that kept him "writing for bread." Yet there are islands of hope amidst the sea of despair, and mountainous thoughts rise abruptly from the plains of trivia. The wonderfully revealing letters of this helter-skelter genius, gathered by Earl Leslie Griggs in two volumes as "The Collected Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1785-1806," are full of surprises. In Virginia Woolf's words: "Anything may tumble out of that great maw; the subtlest criticism, the wildest jest, the exact condition of his intestines."

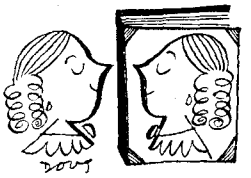
Coleridge could converse and write letters with exceptional ease and charm. His talk (someone has said the three greatest talkers of all time were Christ, Socrates, and Coleridge) has been preserved only in fragments, but his letters are now available in enormous quantity. After decades of patient search, during which he traced holographs dispersed in 150 collections from Scotland to New Zealand, Professor Griggs has brought together all the known letters of the man who, besides being the author of "The Ancient Mariner," had perhaps the most inquiring and seminal mind of the early nineteenth century.

In these two volumes are 641 letters. Subsequent volumes, to include correspondence from 1807 to Coleridge's death in 1834, will bring the total number of letters up to around 1800. This is nearly three times as many as were contained in the combined "Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," edited by E. H. Coleridge in 1895, and the "Unpublished Letters," edited by Griggs in 1932. Quite as important as the completeness of this new collection is the fact that the letters are drawn mainly from original manuscripts, thus permitting the editor to correct faulty transcriptions and restore deleted passages. Unobtrusive, extremely helpful annotations identify Coleridge's numerous correspondents, and these also supply other information which is needed by the reader.

The first letter of the first volume was written on February 4, 1785, when Coleridge was a schoolboy at Christ's Hospital in London. It requests his mother to thank various friends for sending gifts of money and food and clothing without which, he says, "I should be as destitute of necessaries as some of my schoolfellows are." The last letter of the second volume, written to his wife on Christmas Day 1806, reports his safe arrival at Coleorton, after a coach trip with his lively little son, Hartley.

IN between are letters in every mood and on every conceivable subject, from literary criticism to politics, and from German philosophy to medical science. He playfully tells Mary Evans, his first love, of seeing the ghost of Thomas Gray, who adjured him to give up writing poetry. He flagellates himself in a letter to his brother George, admitting the debts and misdemeanors at Cambridge that drove him to run away and enlist in the Light Dragoons, from which he now begs release. He describes Dorothy Wordsworth as a woman whose eye is "watchful in minutest observation of nature—and her taste a perfect electrometer." He asks Sir Humphry Davy, the scientist to explain why one feels a sense of cold on inhaling after eating a peppermint drop, and to give his opinion of the theory that "killing a bad man might do him a great deal of good." He gives the printer detailed instructions about the text of the "Lyrical Ballads." He reviews for Sir George and Lady Beaumont his now-defunct plans for "the amelioration of the Human Race" by establishing an ideal community in "the wilds of America." He frankly tells Southey, the future poet laureate, what is wrong with certain of his poems. And so on, proving that variety is the spice of letters.

Coleridge never wrote his autobiography, although he told something of the development of his literary taste in the "Biographia Literaria." But he wanted to write his autobiography, as he wanted to do so many things he never did, and it is significant that the one time he undertook the project it was in the form of a series of letters. Perhaps Coleridge came nearer to writing his autobiography than he knew. For here in this magnificent collection of his letters he has given us a superb self-portrait, an epistolary confessional of first rank



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TRUTH INTO FICTION

Fannie Gross of Asheville, N. C., presents what would seem, at first glance to be a list of famous men and women of the past 500 years. However, for the purpose of this column they are purely fictional characters who appear in the twelve literary works disarranged on the right. You are to match the characters with the proper titles. Answers on page 22.

1. Judith Anderson	( ) "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (Wilde)
2. Judith Anderson	( ) "The Blithedale Romance" (Hawthorne)
3. John Barrymore	( ) "Edmund Campion" (Evelyn Waugh)
4. William Booth	( ) "Rosmersholm" (Ibsen)
5. John Brown	( ) "John Halifax, Gentleman" (Mulock)
6. Miles Coverdale	( ) "The Hounds of the Baskervilles" (Doyle)
7. George Eliot	( ) "Six Days in Marapore" (Paul Scott)
8. Phineas Fletcher	( ) "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" (Eggleston)
9. Robert Herrick	( ) "The Devil's Disciple" (G. B. Shaw)
10. Walter Johnson	( ) "The Ebb Tide" (Stevenson and Osborne)
11. Rebecca West	( ) "Amelia" (Henry Fielding)
12. Henry Wotton	( ) "The Right of Way" (Gilbert Parker)

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A Diarist's Century

***The Diary of John Evelyn,"** **lited by E. S. de Beer** (Oxford niversity Press. 6 vols. 3,427 pp. 50.40), is the most complete and finitive edition yet to appear of the ay-by-day reports of a seventeenth-ntury diarist who rivaled Samuel epys. Our reviewer is Professor Rob-t Halsband of Hunter College.*

y Robert Halsband

N ONE of his diary entries for 1665 Samuel Pepys gave his opinion of llow-diarist John Evelyn: "In fine, most excellent person he is, and ust be allowed a tle for a little nceitedness; but e may well be so, eing a man so uch above oth-s." As Pepys's iendship with is "very ingenious man" deepened, e remarked the following year that he more I know him the more I ve him."

It is one of the striking coinci-ences of English literary history that o of the greatest diarists should ave been mutual admirers; and, fur-er, that the incomplete publication Evelyn's diary in 1818 should have imulated curiosity about Pepys's horthand diary and led to its pub-ication (in part) seven years later. epys's diary has still not been printed full; its frankness goes too far even r modern editorial discretion. But velyn's complete diary has finally peared in an edition which can irly be called complete and defini-ve.

Evelyn's life spanned a turbulent a of English political and intellec-al history. Born in 1620, he entered anhood at the time of the Puritan evolution. As a staunch member of e Church of England he was loyal the King, and although he pru-ntly did not enroll on the Royalist de he left England to avoid swear-g allegiance to Parliament. During e next four years he traveled in rance and Italy; then, after his mar-age to the twelve-year-old daugh-r of Charles I's envoy to the French urt, he returned to England (alone) r a few years. The execution of e King in 1649 sent him back into voluntary exile, but at the defeat of Charles II two years later he returned to England to live uneasily under the Commonwealth. He was soon rewarded. After the Restoration of 1660 he held various minor posts under the successive monarchs, and he devoted himself to intellectual pursuits until his death at the age of eighty-six. His broad interests can be seen in the subjects of his published works during his lifetime: miscellaneous translations, politics, engraving, architecture, numismatics, municipal improvement ("Fumifugium: or The Inconveniencie of the Aer and Smoak of London Dissipated"), and gardening. His longest and most important work, the diary, remained in its crabbed manuscript hand until antiquarian curiosity put it in print more than 100 years later.

Chronologically it starts with his birth and ends a few weeks before his death. "I was borne about 20 minuts past two in the morning . . ." he begins. Could this entry have been set down by a miraculously literate infant with an eye on the clock? Actually the entries were reconstructed by Evelyn from his memory (and that of others), from his notes, and from his reading. Not until 1684 do the entries catch up with the events to become roughly contemporary. (About 1700 he rewrote the first section, covering twenty-four years; this "Vita" is printed in the present edition along with the extensive "Kalendarium.") Unlike Pepys's diary, then, Evelyn's lacks the vivid immediacy; instead of reproducing experience it describes it. But the loss is not too important, for Evelyn's cautious personality and judicious behavior did not allow him to live—or to write—with the extravagant intimacy of Pepys.

Through his eyes we see the changing political design of England's Government in those years of bloody and bloodless revolutions. His account of the Titus Oates plot and trials is particularly vivid. As social history his diary is a useful corrective to the forever-amber color of Restoration court life, for, while he admired Charles II's admirable qualities, he detested the vice and extravagance of the court. A regular churchgoer, he listened patiently to sermons and then entered brief summaries in his diary. He obviously took them more seriously than did the King, in whose presence many of them were delivered.

One day in 1665, after a morning of strenuous business, Evelyn wrote: "Hence to our R: *Society* to refresh among the *Philosophers.*" His participation in the newly formed Royal Society was one of his most enthusiastic pastimes. It encouraged his curiosity about natural and unnatural phenomena. Long before, while sightseeing in Italy, he had climbed Mount Vesuvius to look into its crater. On his frequent journeys in England he examined whatever oddities he encountered, including the mysterious Stonehenge. As a result of his interest in art and architecture he discovered and promoted Grinling Gibbons, and he worked with Christopher Wren. It would be difficult, in fact, to find any aspect of the life of his time which remains unmentioned in his diary: the first ice-skaters in England, medical operations, robbery on the highway, the Great Fire of 1666 (a particularly graphic account), Peter the Great's visit to Deptford, political controversies of all sorts, London topography, court ceremonials, hospitals, Nell Gwyn, *et al.* The diary casts an ample net over English life in the second half of the seventeenth century.

So prodigious a document deserves an editor of prodigious erudition, industry, and ingenuity. Mr. de Beer, who spent twenty years on the five-volume text and notes, spent three additional years compiling the index-volume. He reproduces the text of the diary "as faithfully as type can follow manuscript"; and he has annoted it as fully and relevantly as any reader could wish. His edition easily deserves to be called monumental and definitive.

THACKERAY AS A BYLINE: Thirty-five of Thackeray's pieces from a popular London newspaper, written from 1844 to 1848, have been collected and edited by Gordon N. Ray as **"Thackeray's Contributions to the *Morning Chronicle*"** (University of Illinois Press, $3.50). Although uneven in interest and importance, they deserve to be rescued, and they could have no better rescuer than Professor Ray, whose introduction and notes are exemplary —informative, brief, and easy. The great majority of pieces are book reviews, and they sometimes illuminate Thackeray's own practice. When he disliked a Disraeli novel for its chunks

(*Continued on page* 25)

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Associate Publisher: W. D. Patterson

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William Faulkner *vs.* the Literary Conference

FROM June to September, from New England to Texas, from the Rocky Mountains to Georgia there are yearly forty or more writers' conferences where several thousand young and middle-aged men and women gather in the hope of learning the arts of producing literature and the devious ways in which the words they write may some day get into print. There is something heartening, courageous, and tragic about them as they listen avidly to the advice of imported lecturers, editors, literary agents, and publishers from the East. All of these increasing numbers of conferences, almost unknown elsewhere, would have to be invented if they did not exist.

Let us now take a look at the questions on aspiring young writers' minds that cause them to flock eagerly to these sessions. One of the first hopeful signs of the birth of a young writer is a passion for reading books which have profoundly moved a generation or several generations of readers. They must become artists in the dramatic use of evil, know that they do not have to take opium to describe its symptoms, suffer the pangs of remorse in betraying a fellow creature, or drink heavily to know the effects of evil. They must also know that many of the greatest writers have had to wait for recognition for twenty or more years. Melville waited for over forty years until a British or an American critic discovered that he had written a masterpiece.

The Paris Review, a quarterly now established in New York as well as Paris, has for the last year published a series of interviews with American writers. It has a distinguished board of editors, headed by Thomas Guinzburg; its publisher is Sadruddin Aga Khan, which gives the reader a pleasant assurance of its longevity.

The spring issue is devoted to an illuminating fourteen-page "interview" with William Faulkner, which is so comprehensive, lucid, dramatic, and honest that it might be reprinted and broadcast to writers' conferences. It is in itself a work of art which should prick the conscience of ephemeral writers, yearning at any cost to find their names in print. If it discourages them to look into the countenance of acknowledged genius they might consider what Faulkner meant when he said, "If I had not existed someone else would have written me, Hemingway, Dostoievsky, all of us. Proof of that is that there are three candidates for the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. But what is important is 'Hamlet' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' not who wrote them, but that somebody did. The artist is of no importance."

Asked whether the individuality of the writer is important, Faulkner answered, "Only to himself. All of us have failed to match our dream of perfection, so I rate us on the basis of our splendid failure to do the impossible."

THEN the anonymous interviewer asked a difficult question. "Is there any possible formula to follow in order to be a good novelist." Faulkner's answer was "99 per cent talent, 99 per cent discipline, 99 per cent work. He must never be satisfied with what he does. Always dream and shoot higher than you know you can do. . . . artist is a creature driven by dem He doesn't know why they chose and he's usually too busy to won why. He is completely amoral in he will rob, borrow, beg, or steal f anybody and everybody to get w done."

This is not the kind of advice wh young writers who hope to be fam and respected may care to h Faulkner continues this theme. " writer's only responsibility is to art. He will be completely ruthles he is a good one. He has a dream anguishes him so much he must rid of it. Everything goes by board: honor, pride, decency, secu happiness. If a writer has to rob mother he will not hesitate; the ' to the Grecian Urn' is worth number of old ladies."

To another question he gave a answer.

"Art is not concerned with envir ment either. If you mean me the job ever offered to me was to bec a landlord in a brothel. In my opir it's the perfect milieu for an artis work in. It gives him economic f dom; he's free of fear and hunger has a roof over his head and notl whatever to do except keep a few s ple accounts and to go once a m and pay off the local police. The p is quiet during the morning ho which is the best time of the day the book. There's enough social lif the evening if he wishes to part pate. . . . My own experience has b that the only tools I need for my t are paper, tobacco, food, and a whisky." Would you comment on future of the novel, he was asked. answered, "I imagine as long as ple will continue to write novels ple will continue to read them vice versa; unless, of course, the torial magazines and comic st finally atrophy man's capacity to and literature really is on its back to the picture-writing in the anderthal cave."

The interview continued with somewhat complex and amusing tures in Hollywood and a sensi analysis of the characters of thre his greatest novels, "The Sound the Fury," "As I Lay Dying," "Light in August." Altogether this tonishing interview clearly reveals man and the artist. Whether it wi of any use to our future writers of tion and the increasing numbe writers and aspirants who at writers' conferences is another st At the least it does not deal with tracts, percentages, publishers, editors, the stock-in-trade of many of our literary conferences.

—H.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SLEDS AND BANKERS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In "Science Fiction and the Opinion of the Universe" (SR May 2) John W. Campbell made the point that Col. J. P. Stapp of the Air Force is a sort of model "man of the future." Colonel Stapp's job is to run tests which produce the data aeronautical designers need about the strains a human body can and cannot endure: how fast it can be accelerated, decelerated, etc. The famous "rocket-sled" is one of Colonel Stapp's little gadgets; he has been riding the sled himself, risking the ruin of his eyesight for the good of pilots yet unborn. How different this life from the banker's daily climb in and out of his suburban train, Mr. Campbell exclaimed, and it was this comparison which elicited the following letter from the Colonel. SR's readers will be glad to learn that recently the Air Force unsledded the Colonel permanently; they judge that his experience is now too valuable to be wagered against the monster.*

JOHN CAMPBELL made an amusing comparison between his conceptions of me and a banker. I don't mean to be perverse, but one must be realistic enough to admit that all bankers are not lacking in audacity. At various times some of them have been audacious enough to lend me the money I needed to complete my education. I can't tell how patient they are as a species, for I paid my interest on time, but I remain indebted for their kindnesses.

Seriously, anyone in research plods through as many figures as a banker. For a single technical report I had to do 25 sets of calculations and plot more than 200 graphs. It takes more courage to wade into the data from a sled-run than to be the subject. But Mr. Campbell was correct when he said I wouldn't care to trade places with a banker—and I'm grateful for the other kind things he says about me. I may not be so different a man as he seeks to establish, but at least I'm not indifferent to comforts.

JOHN PAUL STAPP, M.D.

Holloman Air Force Base, N. M.

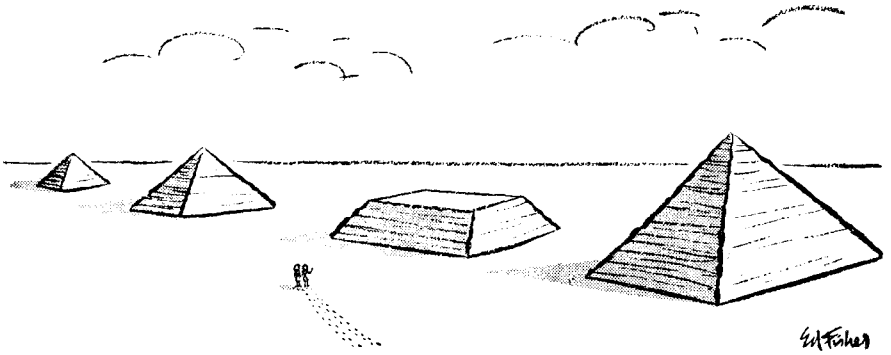
SLOW ON STOWE

C. FURNAS's "Goodby to Uncle Tom" (*SR* May 26) was an interesting piece, but why are we visiting *our* sins on Harriet Beecher Stowe? She and Uncle Tom both are getting a raw deal. The real character Mrs. Stowe created is nothing like the cringing, craven "Uncle Tom" commonly thought of. He remained in slavery only to save his wife and children, and at the end of the book chose to be beaten to death rather than to reveal the hiding-place of two run-away fellow-slaves. Sambo and Quimbo deserve epithets, but not Uncle Tom.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" *is* a sentimentalized, 1852-ish book, but it was a good and courageous one for its time. Mrs. Stowe was several thousand per cent more advanced than plenty of our countrymen are right now; if she were living today she'd be pitching for the NAACP. Let's stop using her as a sort of national Oedipus complex.

ANN REED BOLES.

Portland, Ore.



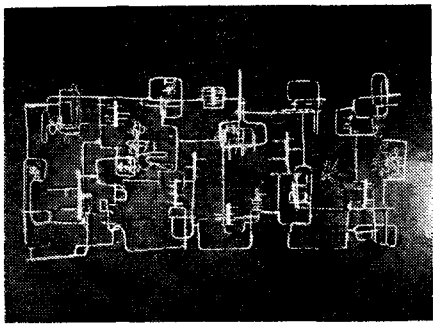
"He was only a part-time Pharaoh."

ESTHETIC WIRES

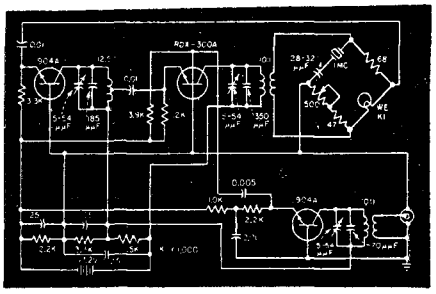
LET JAMES THRALL SOBY take a look at some art which is not spelled with a capital "A" (*SR* June 9)! The electronic-circuit diagram which I've sent you (its beautiful symbols were devised back in the nineteenth century) is both meaningful and handsome, a much better design than the tired pastiche of Lassaw's wire doodle that Soby admires.

JOHN MAASS.

Philadelphia, Pa.



Lassaw's wire sculpture (*SR* June 9).



Maass's electronic circuit diagram

ORANGE JUICE FOR CONNELLY

AS A PILOT FOR an international airline let me take a few pokes at "Mr. Connelly Goes by Air" (*SR* May 19). First, here are some suggestions from other customers: a hostess for each male passenger; cabin attendants trained as beauticians to give free permanents *en route;* free dancing lessons in a special lounge.

Now I've probably attended more plays than Connelly has ridden airplanes, but all I've ever gotten between acts was orange pop, at a high price. You can get something more refreshing—at a higher price—on railroads, but the last time I wanted a pillow at night in a chair car I had to pay for it. Probably Connelly is a guy who will complain about anything, but he may be cheered to learn that the Pilots' Association is urging Congress to pass a bill prohibiting the sale of booze on aircraft. Should the bill become a law Connelly can keep his buck and drink the orange juice (superior to the theatre kind), which he can have without cost *now!*

WILLIAM KARRAKER.

Redding Ridge, Conn.

FLETCHER PRATT

THE DEATH OF Fletcher Pratt, whose prose style so beautifully dramatized history, has deprived the nation of one of its most versatile and unusual authors. His style and his work speak for themselves and will be Pratt's best monument. But many of his readers may not have fully appreciated the amazing breadth of his intellectual interests and the unique quality of his mind. He had a penchant for mathematical games, which he expressed in a variety of ways. I have seen admirals go gray while playing Fletcher's naval war game, and his remarkable book on codes and ciphers demonstrated the keen analytical quality of his mind. Pratt's contribution to writing and writers was epitomized in his annual participation in the Bread Loaf Conference. Both his readers—who were legion—and his fellow writers owe a great debt to Fletcher Pratt.

HANSON W. BALDWIN.

New York, N. Y.

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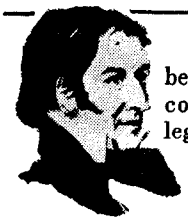

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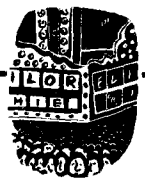

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Looking Backward

HOLLYWOOD'S latest retreat into nostalgia is **"The Eddie Duchin Story,"** a movie that features Tyrone Power in an impersonation of the late popular pianist and bandsman. The subject, while following hard on such biographicals as "The Glenn Miller Story" and "The Benny Goodman Story," at least offered the chance for some interesting period material, for the years when Duchin flourished spanned the Thirties and Forties (he died of leukemia in 1951). But Hollywood has a curious blind spot when it comes to reproducing or suggesting the atmosphere of a time gone by. They just don't seem to understand out there that time is a flux, and that manners and customs change, and that people think a little differently and talk a little differently and are concerned about different things from one decade to another. Thus, they have never been able to make a good movie from "The Great Gatsby," and they haven't been able to make anything but a conventional, prettily colored, and sloppily sentimental movie from the facts of Eddie Duchin's life. I keep using the word "they" because I suspect it's not any one individual's fault. It's in the nature of a Hollywood disease, and it's too bad that there is as yet no antibiotic preparation for it.

I should of course except "Love Me or Leave Me," a movie that to capture atmosphere had more than a collection of antique automobiles and some funny Twenties' costumes and which also took a remarkably unsentimental view of Ruth Etting's life and times. The view of Eddie Duchin, on the other hand, is remarkably sentimental. The first half deals with his romance with and marriage to a socialite beauty (Kim Novak) and, incidentally, with his struggle to make a name for himself. Then, after Miss Novak dies prettily we see him mourning through the years until at last he decides to accept his son (being brought up meanwhile by the rich socialite Wadsworths—actually, I assume, the Harrimans) and meets the boy's young governess. The last half hour has to do with the discovery of his disease and the announcements of his impending doom to his son and second wife. But for a movie based upon known facts it has an unaccountable air of unreality, a lugubriousness, a prettying-up that eventually become morbid and offensive. Can anyone—I mean *anyone*—believe that the life of that stricken man was so beautiful? Does anyone really want to believe it?

* * *

Our movies keep looking back at World War II, and this week's entry is **"Away All Boats,"** adapted from Kenneth Dodson's novel about an attack transport and its role in the Pacific invasions. There are some serious elements in the movie that take it up a notch or two above the standard service epic. For one thing, the nature of command responsibility is explored in fairly believable terms, and because the captain of the transport, charged with getting landing craft and a couple of thousand Marines to the Japanese-held beaches, is aware that the responsibility is all his we see him in a sort of lonely, harried grandeur, attached to and yet separated from his men, and curiously wedded to his ship. This is a good deal closer to the truth, I suspect, than any of the ideas that come out of such a story as "The Caine Mutiny."

The movie was filmed in the remarkably good photographic process known as VistaVision. An actual attack transport (renamed the U.S.S. *Belinda* for movie purposes) was used as location, and the invasion scenes have some look of reality. It's no secret that Universal obtained permission to film some recent amphibious maneuvers for this movie—a good example of enlightened public relations on the part of our Navy and Amphibious Force.

But Universal, and especially its special-effects department, is to be complimented on the scenes showing the battering of the ship by *kamikaze* pilots. These sequences are hair-raising; equally good are the less noisy ones showing the shakedown cruise of the *Belinda*, with ship and men gradually becoming adjusted to the presence of each other. Jeff Chandler is competent enough as the captain—and Lex Barker, George Nader, and Richard Boone look believable as ship's officers. The crew contains the usual variety of types Hollywood consistently collects to represent our Armed Forces in action. Julia Adams is seen briefly in the film, presumably for purposes of lobby display, but the director, Joseph Pevney, was obviously wise to waste as little time as possible on her. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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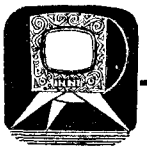


TV AND RADIO

Towards a TV Esthetic

IT WAS only a matter of time before Madison Avenue came to realize that Shakespeare has made more money for more people than any other writer—in other words, that art and guts pay off. In the ordinary handling of a TV show art and guts can hardly be expected to survive: the script passes up a chain of command from six to a dozen hands in the hierarchy, each with his own blue pencil. Then, if approved and corrected it may start toward production, filtering through another dozen personalities. And the merits of the script are very small weapons indeed in this Battle of the Labyrinth, explaining why the end-result is rarely improved by its long ordeal.

But TV is not immune to merit. Monday evening viewers are now witnessing evidence of esthetic instinct unlike anything seen at home before. Robert Herridge, producer of "Studio One Summer Theatre," and his director, Frank Moriarty, who pioneered with Herridge on "Camera Three," are unique in their ability to blend conception and execution. They not only involve you in the emotional experiences of their characters, but in the process they evoke your *private* emotions.

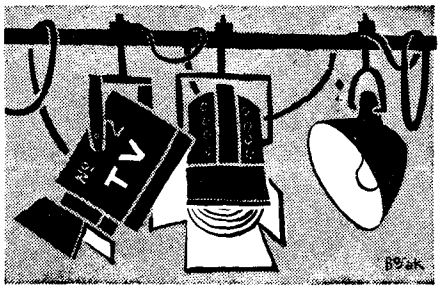
Their initial production was an adaptation of John Steinbeck's "Flight," a tale of a Mexican farm boy who goes alone for the first time to the town of Monterey on an errand for his widowed mother. According to Steinbeck the nineteen-year-old boy, Pepe, falls victim to fate in the form of an impulsive murder. He flees to the farm and then to the mountains, where a posse hunts him down. Herridge took this sad and sentimental story and by probing into Pepe's passion to become a man he created a tragic character symbolical of the adolescent who is his own victim. Like another teenager, Romeo, Pepe lies dead at the fadeout, a boy who achieved manhood through violence.

What brought the script into life as an experience to be shared was camera and editing execution. Moriarty feels the art of the moving image; he knows cinematic technique. His pictorial sense is as sensitive as that of his fellow Irishman John Huston. For example, Moriarty's opening "take" is long and leisurely, his camera on a close-up of the knife of Pepe's dead father being tenderly sharpened (the knife is a wonderful symbol). Then the camera reveals the small farmyard and the younger brother and sister with whom Pepe plays, and then the weary widow, and the camera finally comes to rest in a composition which describes the mother's worry as she stands over her squatting adolescent. This is not camera movement for the mere novelty of movement. We get distinct impressions of character and setting. With the second "take"—the first edit—we have a close-up of the mother's doubt and disgust, and of her faith. Thus, with two shots Moriarty has indicated theme. Whether the viewer is aware of such technique or not is incidental; he feels it.

Moriarty uses the close-up with discretion, knowing it is an elephant gun with which you do not hunt rabbits. Only when major emotions are involved does he cross-cut from close-up to close-up, such as the scene when Pepe is being taunted by a city bully. Here, too, the acceleration is gradual, the form paced by content, horse and rider one figure. It is the finest single scene I've seen on TV. The pacing is inexorable: we are embarrassed with Pepe, annoyed by the bully, until finally we reach the point —when the boy's father is insulted— where *we want Pepe to strike back.* The actually stabbing, however, comes as a shock, achieved by Moriarty cutting on the action in true Eisenstein style. Everything that follows, unfortunately, is anti-climactical.

The failure of the third act is due to the imbalance of heavy execution outweighing simple content. There is not only little suspense to the chase, because the end is foredoomed, but an overemphasis on technique distracts us. Even the stunning acting of Gerald Sarrachini as Pepe becomes repetitious. In a stark mountain setting with awesome shadows we are assaulted with varieties of orchestrated music and the voice of a narrator. But we are in debt for two acts of a masterpiece.

—ROBERT GESSNER.



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with
SHEPPERD STRUDWICK
and introducing VICTORIA SHAW
Screen Play by SAMUEL TAYLOR
Story by LEO KATCHER
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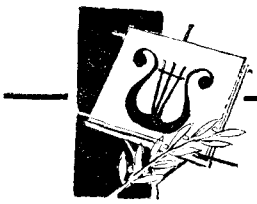


MUSIC TO MY EARS

Sibelius and Sargent in Helsinki

HELSINKI, FINLAND.

ONE of the comforting prospects about a Sibelius festival is the knowledge that all of the music will be good and some of it will be great, which is a kind of spiritual insurance for making the long journey to Finland, the last, and smallest, link in the Scandinavian chain. Some cities such as San Francisco are for the ear, and some such as Naples are for the eye, but Helsinki is definitely for the nose, the pungent odor of wood-burning for power and for manufacturing being as characteristic as the cobbled pavements and streets.

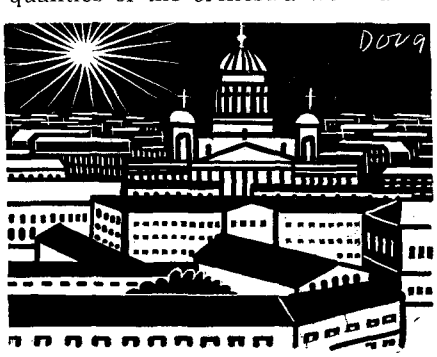
It is also an odd mixture architecturally of the very new and the very old. As a qualified inexpert in such matters, I may venture the view that "Finnish modern" is a mode of yesterday, already dated in the constructional sequence. But it may explain why the opening concerts of this year's festival (as distinguished from the opening "ceremony" in the pleasantly archaic gold-and-white assembly room of the tradition-steeped Town Hall) were arranged for the gargantuan "Fair Hall," a bleakly functional stone structure not far from the Stadium, erected for the 1948 Olympic games. Perhaps it gives the assembled native music-lovers a sense of modernity to contemplate the whitewashed walls and massive windows that form two sides of the rectangular enclosure. Neither these, however, nor the excessively high ceiling (John Ringling North would love it for his circus) were of much comfort to the BBC Orchestra, which, with Sir Malcolm Sargent as conductor, is this year's honored guest. A curved reflecting surface which backed the middle third of the open stage was the only addition for "acoustic" purposes.

It is not inviting to be disparaging about music conceived in such a spirit of honesty as Sibelius's, but in terms of this visitor Sir Malcolm added little to the known qualities of the First Symphony, "Finlandia," "En Saga," and the "Scenes historiques" of the opening program. He was a resplendent figure of Saville Row elegance in gleaming linens, immaculate tails, and pink-flowered *boutonnière*, but the equally tailored kind of performance hardly rendered Sibelius his due. Few obvious stones were left unturned, few subtle bypaths revealed in a program that called for muscle and was provided mostly with gestures. The splendid orchestra—which has the personnel and the background to make a brave showing despite the affected leadership—could, unfortunately, hear itself after every climax as the sound bounced off the walls.

The second program offered more than a change of *boutonnières* (this time white) and different items on the program. It offered, particularly, the Third Symphony (perhaps the least played of the seven). Even Number Six is investigated now and then, but in some thirty years of concertgoing I cannot recall a live performance of the Third, though it has been recorded well by Anthony Collins (London), Paul Kletzki (Angel), and Sixten Ehrling (Mercury). With the Seventh Symphony as finale and "Tapiola" as a more familiar transition, this was a program both well chosen and full of substance.

For that matter, the "orphan" Third Symphony (in C) has a substance that distinguishes it from the strongly melodic Second and the more austere Fourth. The finale finds Sibelius grappling for a new solution to an old problem and eventually choosing the proclamative mood for its tense, but the first two movements are full of lovely musical ideas, warmly brought to life in mostly pastel orchestral colorings. The stronger tints of the brass are reserved for the finale, in which they make a more-or-less conventional kind of concluding effect. It is, perhaps, this esthetic anticlimax which has penalized the work in the eyes of most conductors, though I would suspect it is mostly indolence—the First, Second, Fourth, Fifth, and Seventh symphonies comprising as much of Sibelius as the average conductor would care to play in any case.

For the two first movements of this work, in which the mood is mostly quiet, Sir Malcolm's good basic musicality and the first-rate qualities of the orchestra worked toward harmonious ends. Especially in the second movement (variations on an attractive tune), the effort was of a superior quality. But the need for dramatic buildup in the finale found Sargent tilting at woodwinds and grasping for straw men in the air. The audience response was more than cordial, rising in a discriminating crescendo when the orchestra came to its feet.



OF THE native effort in the first phases of the festival there was much to admire in the all-Sibelius program directed by a forceful young musician named Erik Cronvall and played by the Finnish Radio Symphony at the previously mentioned "opening ceremonies." Both in the "Andante Festivo" and the "Rakastava" suite the strings performed with excellent sound as well as real fervor. And an interlude of fine artistry was provided by Yrjö Selin as solo cellist in "Devotion" and "Cantique," a pair of seldom-heard pieces. They are not only expressive utilizations of the not-too-well-favored instrument, but also provided with orchestral backgrounds of the composer's own quality. Cellists take note!

In prospect Siebelius in Helsinki promised to be an emotional experience rooted in such associations as the première of "Finlandia" in the round old Swedish Theatre (a discus throw from the hotel in which I am writing), where "En Saga" and many other splendid works took form. But the planning of this year's festival suggests no compelling reason why a European—or, even less, an American—should put himself out for the effort required to get here. It is one thing to sit on a straight-backed bench in Bayreuth to hear a Wagner opera performed in a manner possible no place else. It is another to sit on a straight-backed bench in Helsinki's "Fair Hall" to hear Sibelius performed in a manner quite generally equaled elsewhere and frequently surpassed.

One essential fact is clear: Finland is an isolated nation and Helsinki a city of limited resources to undertake a festival worthy of such a majestic musical figure as Sibelius. It provides a local, well-meaning, and unquestionably sincere endeavor; but if it had any sense of a world view it might have incorporated, at some point, a look across the Atlantic to memorialize the late Olin Downes, who did so much for a broader appreciation of the composer's importance. This is, after all, the first Sibelius festival since Downes died last August, and some commemoration might have been in order.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

On Tour in Tahiti

—*Matson Line.*

Some of Tahiti's children—"no railroad . . . no streetcar . . . no newspaper."

PAPEETE, TAHITI.

ON THE first night I was in Tahiti I met Mr. Francis Sanford and that was lucky. We met at the ar on the roof of the Grand Hotel, ometimes called the Hotel Faugerat, hich is what I prefer to call it since is scarcely grand. Mr. Sanford was ardly less happy to see me than I o see him. For him I was another merican, a species for whom Mr. anford holds a special affinity since— hough the rest of him is Polynesian -one of his forbears was a whaler om Boston.

He produced from behind the bar, here it was being minded by an mple Tahitian barmaid whose smile parkled with a cluster of gold teeth, mammoth leather book and a care-ully-folded, well-worn letter. The tter was signed by the commanding fficer of the American base at Bora ora, 170 miles distant, and attested the fidelity, friendship, and help-ulness of Francis Sanford. The book as filled with names and notes of undreds of Americans, officers, en-sted men, tourists, and wanderers hom Francis Sanford had befriended rough the years. "This," he said, atting the book, "is my life. Would ou be so kind to enter your ame?"

For me Francis Sanford was no ss a find, for he had been touted far nd wide as a gentle and helpful soul possessed of the lore of French Oceania and yet well conversant with the strange ways and needs of Americans. In short, he would be a perfect guide, and guides in Tahiti are hard to come by. I had, with Gene Sherman, who writes of his misadventures six times a week in *The Los Angeles Times*, paid a call that very afternoon on the Syndicat d'Initiative, a local group roughly corresponding to a U.S. chamber of commerce.

While indeed it may have been a syndicate, its name was otherwise singularly inapropos. On the day of the arrival of one of the largest groups of American tourists to hit the island since the war, of which I was a member, Henri Jacquier, president of the Syndicat d'Initiative, had taken the initiative to absent himself on other business on other islands with Thor Heyerdahl, who was now busy, it was said in Papeete, in refuting his own theory of the transmigration of the Polynesians from Peru. His comely assistant was good enough to receive us, but she regretted there were no guides to be lent, given, or rented. We allowed as how we were neither impostors nor four-flushers, but working members of the working press with but four-days-and-one-half in which to learn all that Gauguin, Stevenson, Rupert Brooke, Pierre Loti, Nordoff, Hall, and Michener knew of the island. Indeed she should have, we told her, received prior word of our impending arrival, not to mention our good and noble intentions, from reputable sources in San Francisco. "Perhaps," she said, patting a huge stack of mail, "but if so it is all in here, and I haven't had a chance to go through it." With that the second shuttle plane bringing more members of our party over from Bora Bora roared overhead, and the good lady seized her initiative and her handbag and scurried for the door. "I want to see them come in," she said.

At the bar Francis was equipped with a *couronne,* a crown of flowers which he had purchased from lady vendors who lay in wait on the roof-top of the Faugerat. Only after he had similarly equipped us did we march downtown to Quinn's Tahitian Hut. Alone at Quinn's bar—for we had arrived on a weekday night—we put our proposition to Francis and he agreed to accompany us on a trip around the island on his day off from his duties as an English teacher at the Collège Gauguin.

NOW the Grand, which is owned by Jack Lynch, once of Hawaii, is kept spluttering, if not running, by a young Chinese who assigns rooms, registers guests, sends out laundry, changes dollars into Pacific francs, stows valuables in the safe, issues bills, and dispenses room keys. It seemed only fitting, therefore, that I ask him to rent a car for us, and equally fitting that on the morning we were ready to go he should have forgotten all about it.

Not only that, but Francis called from the lobby and announced that there was bad news. His friend's house had burned down in the night and he had been assigned to guard his friend's children while a temporary lodging was being located. We persuaded Francis to come up, and this he did in company with his two-year-old son. Francis finally agreed to accompany us providing we could get a car, and that he could be permitted to take one of his own children—not this one —with us. He had a varied assortment of his own offspring at home and his wife was away preparing a feast for us in Bora Bora.

In due course Francis reappeared, this time accompanied by his youngest daughter, a girl of five years, two pigtails, and an immense sense of coquetry. Meanwhile we had managed with the aid of three years of prep-school French to impress upon this Chinese César Ritz the necessity of procuring a car for us with utmost speed. In undue course it arrived, a Willys Jeepster, locally known as a *jeepstair.* To the casual glance it looked like a *jeepstair* which had been

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too long in the tropics, but we took it, and Francis, his daughter, Mr. Sherman, and the vocalist from Quinn's, who had somehow been grafted on the party, piled in.

THE island was instantly beautiful. Vespas and bicycles for a few blocks through the back streets of Papeete, then the seaside road running almost the full circumference. Banana trees sprouted fresh and leafy green. The vanilla bean was rich in the air. And everywhere there were palm groves with the tell-tale band of metal high up on the trunk, nailed there to provide a slippery surface so the island's rats couldn't reach the coconuts on top.

Aside from the Lido, a decrepit nightclub outside of town, and the trim peasant houses with their roofs of corrugated tin or sometimes thatch, there is little on the full circuit of the island except the great green treeless mountains that fill the center of the circle and the Chinese restaurant in Taravao's Village halfway around. Somewhere well past the point of no return I began to experience extreme difficulty in pulling the wheel to the left. I immediately suspected a malfunction in the steering cable, but Sherman, more astute in these matters, suspected a flat. He was so right.

Even as we stood there contemplating our fate the noon Truck came whizzing around the turn and was lost in the dust before we could hail it. Tahiti, which has no railroad and no streetcar (hell, it has no newspaper), is connected by Le Truck, a lorry mounted with seats and covered by a canopy that moves between villages on schedule. We were having trouble locating the tools, but had we found them it wouldn't have mattered for there was a hole in the spare, not a subtle hole, but one in which you could have dropped a mature coconut. Sherman contemplated a new march to the sea, and I wondered if we could get back to Papeete in time to catch the plane on the morrow. Francis wondered about his brood at home. Quinn's vocalist wondered why she had gotten into this in the first place, and young Mlle. Sanford wondered about lunch. But it was Francis himself who acted. He leapt over the side of the *jeepstair* and disappeared in a banana grove. Ten minutes later I saw him again. He was rolling a new tire mounted on a wheel down the highway. He was followed by a man carrying tools. "We have to have this back on the five o'clock Truck," Francis said, and that was all. I asked him how he had managed this magic, but all he did was smile and say "Tahiti."

We made the Chinese restaurant in Taravao's Village for a late lunch, but the crowd was good. There were perhaps half-a-dozen *jeepstairs* pulled up in front of the place, all of them rented by tourists from our party which had flown down from Honolulu a few days before, the first venture in South Pacific charter flights organized for men only by Richard Kimball, owner of the Halekulani Hotel in Waikiki. Soon we were joined by other tourists up from New Zealand, and finally by John Huston followed by a retinue of five Hollywood types down to scout the terrain before filming Melville's "Typee." One did the ordering and the paying. One took notes. Huston drank French beer, smoked thin stogies, and lamped the lamps of Mlle. Sanford (I would hardly be surprised if she turned out to be the Tahitian Shirley Temple or somebody).

In the late afternoon we rounded the turn, and on our way back towards Papeete we stopped at the manse of Ed Ehrich, who once worked for the American Broadcasting System in Manhattan. He lives in a villa on a point of sea, deep in the languor of Tahitian society. His American convertible was pulled up on the lawn. Vichy and Perrier and French wines were piled in his larder. The crew from our plane drank beer in his sunlit living room. There were records and books. Tahitian girls were sunning themselves in topless pareus at a discreet distance on his beach. Two guests paddled a pirogue in the still water and a fisherman and his wife arranged a seining net a few yards away. Mlle. Sanford was playing with a Tahitian youngster on the grass and the only sound came from their laughter and the faraway rumble of the South Pacific crashing on the reef. There was a typewriter on the table, but Ed confessed he never uses it. "A man should learn the first third of his life, work the second third, and then retire," he said. And I remember thinking as we took the *jeepstair* back in the incredible romance of the Tahitian dusk that out there, forty-five minutes from Papeete, Mr. Ehrich, mathematically anyway, had solved the equation, and I wondered if it made him happy.

—HORACE SUTTON.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 12, 6, 7, 11, 8, 3, 1, 10, 2, 9, 4, 5.

Americana

Continued from page 9

fascinating off-beat movements i American political history. For th historian the volume admirably com plements the work of John D. Hick and Corning Salutos. For the histori cally-minded or politically-conscious general reader it should make very good reading.

OLD VIRGINIA: The Reverend Hugh Jones, who had to cram hard in alge bra when he came to the colonies t replace an excessively convivial pro fessor of mathematics at the Colleg of William and Mary, was a man wh could speak plainly. "There is," h said, "the Chinese notion among th English that they are all fools an beggars that live in any countr but theirs." He himself was loyal an conventional enough as an English man, but he believed in colonial en terprise and in the propagation of re ligion. His **"The Present State of Vi ginia,"** published in London in 172 explained to those who sat placidly a home the condition of things in th new world, but it explained at eve more fervent length the manner i which these conditions could be im proved through education, proselitiz ing, and an increase in commerce. I was a book written frankly with bia by an enthusiastic man who believe that clergymen could be "facetiou and good-humored," Christian with out being stoic, and it has been favorite among Americans who hav come upon it, either in the rare orig inal or in the limited edition whic Joseph Sabin reprinted in 1865. Now edited with an extended introductio and with generous notes by Richar L. Morton (University of North Caro lina Press. $5), it is available to larger audience who can discove among other things, information abou "cowpen tobacco . . . which smoaks i a pipe like leather" or about th stones resembling diamonds and san flecked with something very muc like gold on the banks of the Jame River. —LEWIS LEARY.

AMERICAN CATHOLICISM'S FOUNDIN FATHER: When the Vatican was choos ing a head of missions for the new Re public of the United States Benjami Franklin recommended his friend Joh Carroll. Other factors entered into th appointment, naturally—the forme Jesuit's European education, his pa triotic zeal, his statesmanlike admin istrative ability and the Carroll fam ily's renown. In **"John Carroll of Balt more: Founder of the American Catholi Hierarchy"** (Scribner, $4.50) Anna

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belle M. Melville illumines a heretofore obscure phase of American history. A tolerant and public-spirited citizen, John Carroll kept the Catholic Church in the United States not only independent of the Government but of the European churches. Superior of a vast frontier mission that included the Louisiana Purchase, he had to cope with schisms, insubordination, and a shortage of priests and nuns. He established Catholic colleges, seminaries, and schools, at the same time actively promoting secular education. Like his cousin Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Baltimore's first Archbishop was, in his own important sphere, truly a Founding Father. —ANN F. WOLFE.

EARLY OREGON PROBLEMS: The pervasive influence of national issues, especially the sectional conflict, in local politics is thoroughly explored in Robert W. Johannsen's **"Frontier Politics and the Sectional Conflict: The Pacific Northwest on the Eve of the Civil War"** (University of Washington Press, $5). The Northwest was sparsely settled and physically remote from the main arena of debate over slavery, yet the area became caught up in the issue by Oregon's application for statehood in 1857. (The issue in Washington was less acute, since statehood was delayed until 1889.) Prevailing opinion was against slavery, not on moral grounds but for economic reasons; at the same time the settlers opposed the Negro as such even more strongly, and barred freemen from residence in Oregon. Thus Oregon entered the Union in 1859 as a free state. In seeming contradiction, however, the doctrine of popular sovereignty had wide support. This doctrine, attractive to frontiersmen who were inclined to resent controls imposed from afar, also generated sympathy for the South, so much so that Lincoln barely carried the state in 1860. The war, however, brought a shift in loyalties. "The greatest issue in the crisis," Mr. Johannsen remarks, "was the preservation of the Union. . . . Almost no mention was made of the slavery question as a war issue. All elements . . . were vehement in their denial of the desirability of Negro emancipation and in their denunciation of the abolitionists." In explaining how Oregon (and Washington to a lesser extent) reacted to national issues and how the settlers' own problems interplayed on the political scene Mr. Johannsen has drawn freely on newspapers and contemporary records. The result is a staggering amount of detail, which Mr. Johannsen obviously has had the perseverance to master.

—ALDEN WHITMAN.

GALLYFLOPPERS AND OTHER TALES: Richard M. Dorson must be a person to whom other people like to talk: his receptivity, his notebook, and his tape-recorder have served him well in putting together in **"Negro Folktales in Michigan"** (Harvard University Press, $4.75) his third book. Here are collected spook tales and matters of witchcraft often told as if a personal experience, but derived, as Mr. Dorson reminds us, from ancient yarns or time-worn motifs familiar to the folklorist; here also are animal stories which have traveled northward from the land of Uncle Remus; and here are some tremendous gallyfloppers, tall tales of frontier origin. Each storyteller provides something of his own tempo and ornamentation as, like the hot trumpet man, he improvises within an established framework. There is art in these tales, an art determined by traditions inherited over many centuries from many lands, but there is an individualized native art also, and there is much humanity as traditions merge among a people who tell stories well. People who admire good yarns will miss some humdingers if this collection finds its way only to the shelves of folklorists.

—LEWIS LEARY.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
PATRICK BUTLER FOR THE DEFENSE *John Dickson Carr* (Harper: $3.50)	London solicitor's client takes intercostal knife; Yard views hero askance; colleague to the rescue.	French spoken here, also assorted English dialects; songs are sung; horseplay hinders pace.	Thinnish.
A STORE OF WRATH *Seldon Truss* (Crime Club: $2.75)	London bazaar head vanishes; Mr. Horace (*Daily Snapshot*) and Insp. Gidleigh interested; corpses eventuate.	Night-club singer, playboy, ex-con, floorwalkers all in cast of eccentrics; pace not excessive.	So-so.
MECCA FOR MURDER *Stephen Marlowe* (Fawcett: 25¢)	Lanky Virginia widow hires Chet Drum, Washington eye, for Saudi Arabia mission to save life.	Belly-dancer is principal in knock-down-drag-out affair that covers much ground and air. —SERGEANT CUFF.	Steps right along.

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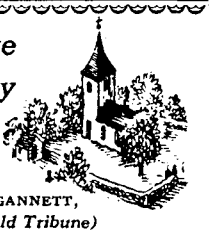
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Fiction

Continued from page 10

writing as a sideline, then the test tube ought to be swapped more often for the typewriter. Dr. deRopp, a biological researcher at the Rockefeller Institute, draws on his knowledge of Roman history to give an "I was there" account of the dying days of Jerusalem around 70 A.D. as seen by Lucius Cimber, a Roman nobleman. Lucius might have gone the way of Nero-inspired brutality were he not softened by love for Rebecca, daughter of the High Priest Ananias, prompting him to side with the Jews against the barbaric Governor Gessius Florus. Moderation is slated for failure when Florus goads the people into revolt against the Romans, and Lucius's allegiance seesaws as he helplessly watches both his Roman family and his Jewish friends lose their lives in the slaughter and the mayhem that dooms Jerusalem.

One of the things that comes through well in Dr. deRopp's novel is the tragic factionalism which made it possible for the Roman legions to inflict military and cultural damage beyond repair. As for the character studies of Lucius, Rebecca, the Jewish rebels and conservatives, and a whole host of Romans, they are three-dimensional in all their follies and humaneness. Bowing to the traditional historical fiction involving Romans, the author does include a gladitorial contest in which Lucius battles a lion to save Rebecca; but good sense

keeps such touches at a minimum, and as a result Biblical lives and times are faithfully constructed, thereby raising the novel, which is not without suspense, well above the run of a much-belabored genre.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

THE HOUSE ON SIXTY-SIXTH STREET: For about 150 pages of Susan Ertz's latest novel, **"Charmed Circle"** (Harper, $3.95), the reader has the feeling he is leafing through some stranger's family photo-album; but then the unfamiliar figures jump to life and claim emotional attention as the "refined wealthy" Prentisses tragically tighten their parental stranglehold on Clarisse, Halley, and Julian, their pliable children. Halley, who chronicles the whole family affair, sees his parents in an understanding light: "They asked nothing of us except love, and that was theirs without asking—a spontaneous growth of almost tropical luxuriance. There was in fact something tropical about the whole climate in which we lived; we swam without guidance, in a degree of warmth which perfectly suited us; primitive, unicellular creatures, our every need supplied." This unicellular existence was made possible by tough businessman-grandfather Prentiss, who left the scads of money his son used to buy modern paintings and to shape a charmed family circle within which he expected every member to live contentedly forever. Miss Ertz carefully builds up the illusion that this ideal can be achieved, then shatters it with a vengeance. During the Twenties sheltered Clarisse impulsively decides on marriage despite parental warnings, goes ahead with a big ceremony, but panics at the prospect of the inevitable wedding night and hysterically returns to the family hearth. The home on New York's 66th Street is hurriedly shut down and the clan scurries to Europe. It is a long, long time before they return, financially poorer yet worldly wiser after their circle has been disastrously broken. Miss Ertz—a world traveler of American descent and a searching observer of people as shown in such previous novels as "The Prodigal Heart" and "Mary Hallam"—continues to create persuasive characters who taste life to the full.

—S. M.

A WIG AND A ROBE FOR MARION: If one takes Edward Grierson's **"The Second Man"** (Knopf, $1.25) at face value it is a solid tale, well and truly told, of a murder trial in England, in which Marion Kerrison, a brilliant, inexperienced lady barrister, utilizes her woman's intuition in an apparently unassailable case against John Maudsley, a rare dinkum Australian who has been charged with his aunt's murder.

On another level it is a loving exposition of the pageantry and ceremonials of the English bar, and as an experienced barrister herself the author takes the reader through shabby nooks and corners from the Assizes to the Middle Temple to the Court of Criminal Appeals, covering the grand tour with loving erudition and skill. Wigs and robes of ermine are like leaves on the strand.

All this is served up in current fashion as a novel of suspense. But are we to accept these colorful morsels of English legal pageantry as the counterparts of fact? Does it actually take towering courage for the English barrister, wigged and robed, to put the same question twice against admonition from the Bench? In this country it takes only routine impudence. However, since the antics of American lawyers in our motion pictures command the ready belief of our English brethren, it is only fair for us to reciprocate. But it is regrettable that the plot of "The Second Man" is routine rather than realistic and that the solution is fortuitous.

—ELEAZAR LIPSKY.

ARIZONA HOMBRE: In **"Pale Moon"** (Knopf, $3.50) W. R. Burnett begins with the well-worn Western gambit of the lone stranger riding into town and becoming the dispenser of law and order. But Mr. Burnett's stranger is a more literate and plausible hero than the usual gun-toting hombre; he is the unwitting ally of the wrong side of the law, and he becomes enmeshed in the affairs of a decidedly offbeat family of empire builders. It all adds up to an unpretentious bit of escapism that entertains the reader without insulting his intelligence.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 680

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 680 will be found in the next issue.

QIMTGSJ HEWS RX QAS

AEXXMOSJJ PI QAS

HMJSIC PT

HPIQEG GMTS.

—EGSZEOLSI JHMQA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 679

The thing generally raised on city land is taxes.

—CHARLES WARNER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1162)

(R. H.) GRENVILLE:
OLD MEN IN A LIBRARY

What magnet draws them back, day after day . . .
While time's slow pulse ticks hours and years away? . . .
Whatever it may be
They seek, may heaven help them to attain; . . .
Peace, or some gem of truth the soul would know—
Or just something to do, someplace to go.

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Writers and Writing

Continued from page 15

of philosophy, he wrote: "Morals and manners we believe to be the novelist's best themes; and hence prefer romances which do not treat of algebra, religion, political economy, or other abstract science." Still, he kept his eye on the books, discriminating their qualities. In "The Cricket on the Hearth" he objected to the "determined jocularity." Against absurd and contemptible books, like Carus's "Travels in England" and Soyer's "Gastronomic Regenerator," his weapons were irony and sarcasm, deftly and delightfully wielded. Aside from books, he reviewed Royal Academy exhibitions, but except for a perceptive paragraph on Turner his columns are today a dry catalogue of forgotten artists. Two news reports round out the collection. As book production the volume is bright and handsome. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

ASSESSING THE CRITICS: Too often literary critics and scholars forget their legitimate functions and instead ride an ideological hobbyhorse or perform intellectual gymnastics. A poet like Milton is a particularly vulnerable victim; the biographical, religious, literary, scientific, metrical, political, and textual aspects of his writings have been treated by modern critics and commentators of all persuasions. In his assessment of their work Robert Martin Adams has put together a half dozen essays entitled **"Ikon: John Milton and the Modern Critics"** (Cornell University Press, $3.75). It makes one of the liveliest scholarly books of the season. For Professor Adams is learned enough to meet his opponents on their own ground, and he can write with incisive wit and good nature.

In these "conservative essays" he tilts against some of the techniques of the New Critics, of the academic researchers, or of both combined. The criticism which he attacks includes the undue emphasis on Milton's early and late minor poems, the refusal to regard "Comus" as a traditional masque, the view that "Paradise Lost" is a jungle of Jungian archetypes, oversubtle and inaccurate readings by Empson, the explication of particulars at the expense of the whole, and overassiduous source-hunting. Only one of Mr. Adams's essays—on the text of "Paradise Lost"—seems too technical for the collection. If more scholars wrote with his clarity and urbanity their essays and monographs would win readers to whom a university press imprint seems an invitation to boredom. —R. H.

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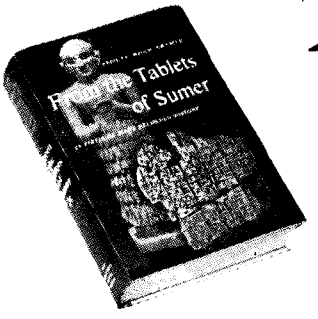

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Art and Taxes

Continued from page 6

Gallery of Art in Washington accepts gifts only under the latter plan. The important Lessing J. Rosenwald collections of prints and drawings was so acquired, and in a physical sense is now a part of the institution and in the charge of the institution's curators.

The life-interest principle was observed by the Cincinnati Art Museum when it took legal title to two important art collections in the early 1940s. No commitment was made with regard to the time or occasion when the donor could hang the paintings in his own residence. Similar arrangements are now in effect with three other collectors.

In more recent cases funds have been given outright to the Cincinnati Museum, which buys objects and then as a gesture of gratitude offers an "unspecified life interest" to the donors. In one instance the Museum has not yet taken possession of the object. In another the donor has expressed no interest in keeping it home.

As far as the position of the Federal Government is concerned these deductions for gifts to art museums are in the same case as a donation to any non-profit institution. At the time of the proposed transfer of the Rosenwald collection to the National Gallery the life-interest plan was approved, in an informal opinion by Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone, then a director of the Gallery. And an interested party to a lend-back arrangement had his attorneys clear the matter with the Treasury Department in Washington.

THE museums for their part are understandably meticulous about all gifts. They insist on fair valuations. If the object is purchased through the museum or is deeded immediately upon being purchased the bill of sale is ordinarily considered a sufficient evidence of its cost. When the object may have improved or declined in value after purchase the museums require an appraisal by a disinterested outsider. Valuations for this purpose tend to be conservative.

The effect of the tax structure on donations to art museums is not restricted to the lend-back or life-interest plans. The private collector who prefers to keep his collection for the exclusive pleasure of himself, his family, and friends is now much more likely to bequeath it to a museum because of the inheritance tax than in an earlier time.

An American of my acquaintance who has assembled, within the last ten years, an impressive and valuable collection of modern paintings explains it this way: "A man cannot afford to die with a lot of pictures on his hands. He should give them away in time or leave them to the public. He shouldn't force his taste on his children; and his children shouldn't have to pay a heavy tax in order to own some pictures they don't want. I like these pictures. I want to keep them around me as long as I can see them. Then they will go to the museum in my home town and to the museum at the university where I was graduated. Bequests to public institutions are tax free, so the value of my estate will be reduced by the market value of these pictures." The present tax schedules, of course, are subject to change, and so, for that matter, is any ruling by the Treasury Department or one of its agents. It is also possible to argue that everybody is the gainer by the lend-back system in particular except the public treasury.

From a closer scrutiny of the situation, however, it seems likely that the taxpayers are losing nothing, even if art museums are not regarded as institutions that benefit the general public. Patrons of art museums are usually donors to charities, hospitals, colleges, or other non-profit institutions. This follows an American pattern and one that has been firmly attached to the American mores. Such donors habitually take advantage of every legitimate tax deduction up to the limit—20 per cent of the adjusted gross income. So if they were prevented from giving to art they would give elsewhere, and the net result for the Internal Revenue Department would be the same.

Meanwhile the Tax Structure has certainly operated as a benefactor to publicly owned art, for most museums of any origin are striving to reach as far as they can go into the communities they serve.

—The Toledo Museum of Art.

Rembrandt's "Self Portrait as a Young Man."

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(Continued on page 28)

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(Continued from page 27)

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—Duncan Blanchard.

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DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait—IV Letter from a Pulpit • Science in Books • The Research Frontier Letters to the Editor

ARTICLE: Can the Atom Change the Weather?

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *POLAR POLITICS*
- *FINGERPRINTING THE RAIN*
- *ARCHY THE SCIENCE ROACH*

WASHINGTON newspaper columnists haven't got hold of the story yet. But the State Department's continuing refusal to fill the vacant Science Advisor's post (see SR/RESEARCH, June 2) is causing serious embarrassment to American professions of all-out cooperation with other nations in celebration of the International Geophysical Year (July 31, 1957-December 31, 1958). At a meeting in Stockholm recently, countries whose territories reach into the neighborhood of the North Pole were asked to agree on joint exploration of the Arctic. Airplane flights were proposed for each of the participants, from the respective national boundary to the Pole and return. "While you are about it," suggested the Russians to the others, "why don't you fly over the Pole, land at our bases and then fly back again? We could fly to your bases and return." American delegates were unable to accept the invitation. Using a device for which Washington long has belabored the Soviet in the U.N., our scientists had to say, "We must consult with our Government at home."

• • •

NOT since the first A-bomb exploded in 1945 have the people of the United States received such an atomic surprise as came on June 12, 1956, from the National Academy of Sciences in Washington, D. C. A committee of more than 100 scientific specialists reported on the biologic effects of atomic radiation. Medical X-rays, the report said, are a far greater hazard at the present stage of atomic development than is the fallout from all the A-bombs and H-bombs exploded to date.

X-rays are bombarding us with as much radiological damage as we receive naturally from cosmic rays in the air and from radon and thoron gas liberated by the rocks in earth's surface. In other words, we are now getting twice the dose our parents got. By comparison, the fallout radiation is a mere fraction.

The total radiation peril was described as two-pronged: (1) shortened lives for the living generation and (2) genetic mutations that will bequeath to future generations weak eyesight, lowered resistance to infection, mental debility, and other unpredictable deficiencies. Births of large numbers of monsters and physical freaks are not to be expected, now or later.

• • •

WIDESPREAD cancellation of X-ray appointments throughout the country was an immediate result of the Academy pronouncement. The New York State Radiological Society acted quickly to reassure its members by issuing personal record cards for their patients. The Academy report recommended such cards on which each citizen would keep a continuous lifelong history of his exposure to radiation, be it from natural sources, bomb exposures, X-rays, employment in A-power plants or in isotope or A-waste disposal work.

THE people of Great Britain heard essentially the same news about X-ray danger from their Medical Research Council as Americans did from the Academy. However, discussion in Parliament, where the British report was presented, emphasized the importance of Strontium 90, most damaging of the bomb debris elements because it is specifically known to create skeletal and blood cancers. If bomb fallout should increase to ten times its current radioactive strength, the Britons were told, "immediate consideration" would be given to a ban on further nuclear test explosions.

• • •

THE problem of atomic safeguards needs to be faced and resolved now because we are entering upon a peacetime atom power era that will quickly multiply possibilities of radiation contamination at least 1,000 times. Most of this issue of SR/RESEARCH is devoted to the one phase of atomic effects which, SR's Science Editor believes, was covered in contradictory and confusing language (see page 33). This phase has to do with the weather.

• • •

THE STRANGE-LOOKING photograph at the top of this page shows a raindrop disintegrating in a stream of upward moving air. We reprint it through the courtesy of Jan Hahn, editor of *Oceanus*, an exciting little magazine published by the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in Massachusetts. We recommend that readers take a long, hard look at this photo, for the time may come when it will be catalogued as the fingerprint of a storm.

"Most of us merely classify the rain as light, medium, heavy, or perhaps the well-known ultimate in intensity: cats and dogs." So writes Duncan C. Blanchard, of the Woods Hole staff, in the article which accompanied the original photograph in *Oceanus*.

"But," he adds, "when we examine

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the raindrops themselves there begins to emerge a rather unique feature, independent of the rate of rainfall, which may enable us to associate a particular rain with a certain type of storm." This key feature, he says, "is the size and number of raindrops present in a given space in a rain."

How is it possible to measure the size of raindrops? They are always in transit while intact, and after they splatter who knows what they looked like before?

One of the best methods was invented by a Vermont farmer named Bentley in 1904. He sifted flour onto the bottom of a pan, and set the pan out in the rain. After dough pellets formed he put the pan in a warm oven and baked the pellets hard.

• • •

FARMER BENTLEY baked his raindrops as an exercise in pure research. But his experiments have practical application now that it is possible to use radar to see storms approaching from a distance. It was at first thought, during World War II, that radar alone would solve the weather forecasting problem. The reflection of a radar signal from a raindrop was found to be proportional to the sixth power of the diameter of the raindrop. In other words, a given drop would reflect a radar signal sixty-four times as well as a drop half its size (2x2x2x2x2x2) or 729 times as well as a drop one-third its size (3x3x3x3x3x3). The experts assumed that when the rain was falling at a certain rate the number of raindrops would always be the same. And they consequently figured they would have no trouble determining by radar how hard it was raining in a storm many miles away.

• • •

THE calculations went wrong, however, and in investigating the reason why it was discovered that the size of the raindrops varies a great deal. In one rain they will be large and few. In another rain they will be small and plentiful. With this new information, the Woods Hole scientists expect to be able to learn more about the way in which Nature produces rain. This will bring them one step closer to being able to make rain themselves, either to fill needs for water or to break up dangerous storms like hurricanes.

• • •

"WHAT makes the difference between hurricanes and no hurricanes is clearly something quite subtle," oceanographer Columbus O'D. Iselin writes in *Oceanus*. "It is believed that hurricanes start as weak disturbances. This is the time for man to try to attack them. By the time they become recognized on the weather maps the energy has become organized and it is too late."

Since this is the basic thinking behind suggestions that the weather may be changed by atomic radiations (see Dr. Irving Bengelsdorf's provocative analysis beginning on page 31 of this issue of *SR/*RESEARCH), let us follow the Woods Hole experts as they reconstruct a hurricane's beginning.

"Everyone knows that winds blowing over the sea carry water vapor from the ocean areas to the land areas of the earth, and that this water vapor eventually falls as rain or snow," begins A. H. Woodcock. "But it is less well known that these winds also transport an average of about thirty pounds of sea salts per cubic mile of air, and that this salt seems to be important if not essential to rain formation."

Hurricanes form only in areas where the surface of the sea has a temperature above 27 C. Such temperatures are reached when the trade winds slow down momentarily. Then, when the water is calm the wind picks up again and creates waves. The breaking waves force air beneath the water in the form of bubbles, and the bubbles rise to the surface and break into droplets. As these droplets are carried off into the air they take with them a strong positive charge of electricity.

"It is possible," Mr. Woodcock concludes, "that these charged nuclei are important in the generation of thunderstorm electricity." He points out that the salt in the airborne water droplets can be carried along "to great heights" even after the water itself evaporates. Later, "at a relative humidity of 80 per cent a single small crystal will, if left exposed for a sufficient time, collect enough water from the air to dissolve completely and to form a droplet" hundreds of miles away from the sea that gave up the salt.

• • •

IN ORDER to stop a hurricane before its winds have a chance to get rough, it would be most helpful to know just when the first sign of the storm's birth—that is, the change in sea surface temperature—occurs. There aren't enough people available to carry thermometers around in boats. And surface readings of any appreciable degree of accuracy are impractical from airplanes. So the Woods Hole institution has devised an automatic weather observer in the form of a buoy twenty feet long, six inches in diameter, with a nose that rises three feet above the water and carries a ten-foot aerial. Using power from dry cell batteries stowed inside it, the buoy will take temperature, wind, and barometer readings with electronic instruments and broadcast the news by radio twice a day. Between broadcasts, the buoy will be rigged to receive and answer weather queries from Woods Hole or from airplanes flying within a radius of 100 miles.

• • •

ARCHY, the cockroach that used to write letters to Mehitabel on Don Marquis's office typewriter at night, turns out to be a more important insect than anyone except Marquis had supposed. Archy was, at the very least, a distant relation to some scientific fellows who have been working with Prof. L. R. Cleveland of Harvard University. With Professor Cleveland's help, the family has turned up the first worthwhile clue to one of the oldest mysteries of biology: what causes one cell to divide into different kinds of cells? By following this clue, man may someday learn how he grows from a single fertilized egg to a complicated being with a heart, two lungs, an endless sheet of curiously shaped skin, many teeth, and still more bones.

Archy's relatives met up with Professor Cleveland twenty-five years ago. Thirty of them—*cryptocerous punctulatus* by name—were living in a dead log less than 100 yards from his laboratory at Mountain Lake in Giles County, Va. From them the Professor learned that roaches could not live on the wood they eat if the cellulose of which the wood is made were not first broken down into sugar by a very primitive survivor of ancient times, the one called protozoa. The protozoa, in turn, would die if it remained outside the shelter of the roach's digestive tract for long. Thus, the protozoa is, in effect, a captive cook for the roach, in a master-slave relationship that goes back 200-300 million years.

Roaches grow by shedding the hindmost part of their bodies each year and replacing it with a larger model. In the process, Professor Cleveland discovered, some of the protozoa are freed. Before the liberation occurs, however, as a part of the growth mechanism, the roach's brain releases a hormone which causes the protozoa to divide into male and female cells. Through repeated generations of this division the species differentiates and evolution proceeds. —JOHN LEAR, *Science Editor.*

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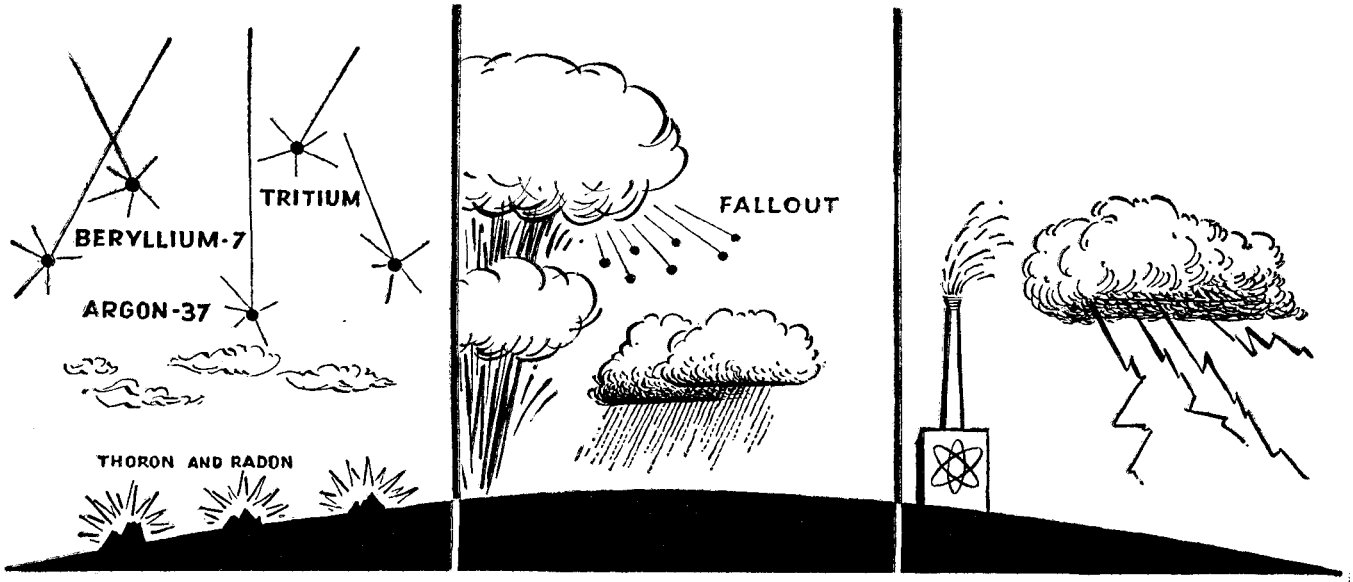

To Nature's normal radiation (left) A-bombs, H-bombs (center), A-plants (right) add influence on atmosphere, may thus affect weather.

CAN THE ATOM CHANGE THE WEATHER?

EDITOR'S NOTE: Confirming Dr. Hermann J. Muller's warning, which appeared in *The Saturday Review* only a few days earlier (*SR* June 9), the National Academy of Sciences last month put the American people on guard against the threat of atomic radiation to the future of the race. As a first guarantee of survival in the Atom Age the medical profession was exhorted to reduce X-ray examinations to the minimum essential to health. This was an auspicious beginning. But would it not be ironic for us to protect our offspring against genetic degeneration only to have them born unprepared into a new and strange, possibly hostile environment?

As long as they remain earth-people the environment of our descendants will be—as ours is today—the weather. Is the weather changing as nuclear disintegrations multiply? A controversial new theory is discussed provocatively here by a scientist who, while neither a meteorologist nor a nuclear physicist, is immediately concerned, in his research as a General Electric organic chemist, with extreme manifestations of the very forces that make the weather: heat and air pressure. His interest in the effects of atmospheric phenomena on our daily lives was stimulated by the pioneer rain-making experiments of G.E.'s famous consultant, the retired Nobel laureate Dr. Irving Langmuir. To Dr. Langmuir's thinking and work the author attributes none of the responsibility (and, he is scrupulous to point out, none to G.E. either) but all of the inspiration for this article which appears below.

By DR. IRVING BENGELSDORF

SINCE the first atomic-bomb explosion in 1945, certain weather peculiarities have appeared. Hurricanes have moved up from the Gulf Coast of the United States to harry New England. Tornadoes have multiplied (from 300 in 1951, to 532 in 1953, to 699 in 1954, over 900 in 1955) and spread from the Southwest and Midwest as far north as Michigan and as far east as Massachusetts. Europe has experienced its most bitter winter in a century. Malaga, Spain, has had its first snow in seventy years. Holland has suffered its worst floods in 500 years. Have the bombs caused these aberrations?

"Unlikely," states a report of a committee of meteorologists appointed by the National Academy of Sciences to study the question.

"No reason to conclude that . . . any large-scale effect (has) taken place," the World Meteorological Organization concurs.

Man's present knowledge of weather mechanics is too limited to justify such a categorical denial. There are, on the other hand, several observations to suggest that A-bombs and H-bombs may affect dynamics of the atmosphere. The following pages will be devoted to discussion of some interesting phenomena which the writer believes to warrant openminded investigation and experimentation.

Dr. Irving Langmuir, the Nobel laureate, has classified phenomena into two categories, *convergent* and *divergent*. *Convergent* phenomena deal with those events which can be determined if we know the component causes, while *divergent* phenomena are indeterminate events due to a single happening. The damage inflicted on a single gene by a lone X-ray quantum, the pulsing of a Geiger counter by a single electrically charged particle, the leveling of a huge forest

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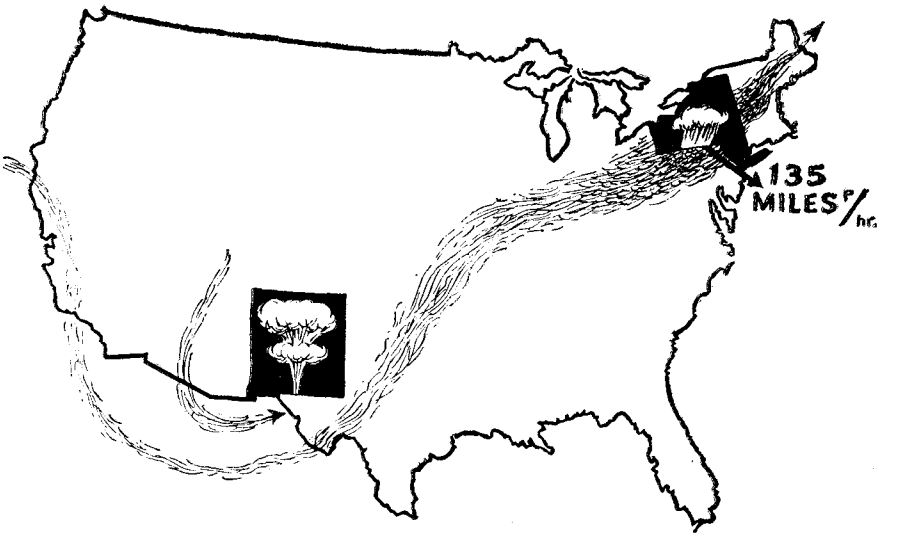
by a small match, are all examples of *divergent* phenomena. They are chain reactions in which a small single cause can have an avalanche effect. When applied to weather, the introduction of a small cause, at the right place and time, may determine whether a hurricane or tornado is born or whether a cloud will release its water-content.

Weather forecasters, however, tie their predictions to *convergent* phenomena, e.g., the movement of "Lows" and "Highs" around the globe. Low pressure areas generally mean bad weather. High pressure areas generally mean good weather. But these are only easily measurable symptoms of the weather conditions. What is the cause behind the symptoms? Energy. Whence comes the energy? The classic answer is that energy from the sun, striking earth's atmosphere, is what causes winds to blow and clouds to form, to move and perhaps to precipitate rain or snow. The mechanics whereby solar energy is converted into weather behaviorisms is not completely understood. It is known that photo-chemical effects of sunlight in the upper regions of the atmosphere can alter various observable phenomena on earth, such as radio and TV reception. Perhaps the weather may be affected, too. Consequently, several laboratories are exclusively devoted to a study of the sun and the tremendous explosions which occur on its face. Each of these blasts results in ejection of a glowing stream of hydrogen gas known as a flare. Since the gas loosed by the flares is the same radioactive stuff exploded by an H-bomb, why is it not equally creditable that nuclear bombs can change the weather?

"The force of the biggest bomb is a mere pinprick in the atmosphere," we are told. "It can't compare to the energy generated by even a small thunderstorm. A solar flare, on the other hand, has the power of millions of H-bombs."

THIS argument is not as logical as it sounds. The biggest solar flare recorded to date (Feb. 10, 1956) did explode with the impact of 100,000,000 H-bombs of the fifteen-megaton type—at the surface of the sun. Astronomers who observed the display have estimated that one billion tons of radioactive debris were thrown into space at a speed of 700 miles per second. But this stupendous event occurred 93,000,000 miles *away* from us. When we calculate the energy that would cross that immense void and actually reach the clouds over our heads, we find it to be the equivalent of only one-twentieth part of the force of a single fifteen-megaton H-bomb exploded in our own backyard of sky!



Map shows jet stream whooshing bomb debris cross-country into a thundershower.

To compare the energies of a bomb and a storm, however, would be to treat the atom's effects on weather as a *convergent* phenomenon. The writer contends that what we may be dealing with is a *divergent* phenomenon, and the comparative power of the bomb is irrelevant to that. No reputable scientist has suggested that the bombs *brew* weather originally. But it would be in line with Dr. Langmuir's chain-reaction theory if microscopic fragments of the bomb, perhaps invisible emissions from it, were to trigger off evolving weather prematurely or exaggerate the normal proportions of an existing storm.

How?

The debris hurled into the atmosphere by an A-bomb or into the stratosphere (100,000 feet or higher) by an H-bomb consists of radioactive particles. As these particles travel about they continuously emit radiations capable of producing other electrically-charged particles called ions. Depending on its character and velocity, one radioactive emission can create as many as thousands of ions along its path. It is well known that when the path of travel goes through a properly supersaturated water-vapor the ions cause water droplets to form. In fact, the passage of invisible sub-atomic particles has been confirmed since 1911 by the visible "rain tracks" the particles leave in an artificial cloud chamber invented by C. T. R. Wilson at Cambridge.

The burst of a nuclear bomb, therefore, creates finely-divided radioactive debris with a subsequent production of myriads of ions. The ions are capable of acting as nuclei for the condensation of raindrops. They might also act by some other triggering mechanism so that upon their descent into moisture-laden clouds a heavier than normal rain would fall.

The falling of the rain would give back into the air all the energy that had gone into the making of the raindrops. According to Dr. Langmuir's calculations, every three-tenths of an inch of rain releases as much energy in a given space as that same space receives from a full day of sunshine. This force in its turn invades the pattern of atmospheric turbulence. The energy change may set off a chain of events over large distances, causing perhaps floods or drought here and unseasonal heat or cold there.

Indeed, might not something of this sort have happened at the beginning of last winter? Consider the circumstances. What looked like a picayune weather disturbance off the Northwestern coast of the United States on November 9 suddenly went on a rampage, for no reason the weathermen have been able to see to this day, and the resultant wallop was felt all over the country.

"A record-breaking cold spell hit Montana on November 11 and spread westward and southwestward through the Plateau, persisting in severity for a week, November 11-18, 1955, and causing heavy losses in unharvested crops and produce in unheated storage." Those are the opening words of the recitation of events as given by J. F. O'Connor and C. R. Fean, of the U. S. Weather Bureau's National Weather Analysis Center, in *Monthly Weather Review.* "At Helena, Montana, the temperature remained below 0° F. for 138 consecutive hours. . . . The cold Arctic air

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poured subzero minima from North Dakota westward through the northern border States to northeastern Washington. Subfreezing minima occurred along the northwest coast and southward into California's Central Valley killing tender vegetables and unharvested grapes.

"On the 15th many stations reported record low temperatures for so early in the season, e.g., —29° F. at Helena, Mont., —11° at Spokane, Wash., —3° at Boise, Idaho, and —9° at Ely, Nev. . . . At Salt Lake City, Utah, a —14° F. low on the 16th was fourteen degrees lower than ever before recorded during November. The average temperature of this day was one degree, or thirty-eight degrees below normal, the greatest daily departure ever recorded at Salt Lake City during any month. . . . Wyoming experienced average temperatures nearly twenty-five degrees below normal with several stations in the Yellowstone Basin reporting average temperatures near or below zero. Farther east Nebraska had the coldest mid-November weather since 1940. St. Joseph, Mo., had the coldest November on record."

In Seattle, every day from the 11th through the 17th had a new all-time low temperature for the day. Salt Lake City experienced a similar phenomenon from the 14th through 17th.

"After this period the cold air pushed into eastern sections causing near-blizzard conditions in the northeastern Plains and Lakes region and producing cold waves as far east as the Appalachians," the weather men continued the story. "This very cold air was eventually responsible for the first general snow in the Northeast and the great contrasts in temperature it provided as it lay over New England on the 19th and 20th helped to spawn a most severe storm off New England."

Could all this have been happenchance?

"A November as severe as this one has an extremely low probability of occurring by chance," wrote Charles M. Woffinder of the Extended Forecast Section of the Weather Bureau in Washington. But, "it is not immediately apparent . . . why the cold wave should have been so intense."

Analysts O'Connor and Fean were equally perplexed. They went back over the forecast maps and found that on November 9, immediately before the cold wave broke, "a weak wave cyclone was just entering the coast at the surface. . . . Accordingly, most forecasters would look for at least some deepening of the surface storm. . . . However, the clue to the turn of events . . . to produce appreciable cold . . . appears elusive."

"No current methods of prognosis . . . even hinted at the readjustment in large-scale features of the circulation which occurred in the forty-eight hours subsequent to November 9," the record concluded. In the end, responsibility was fixed on an unexplained "continued flux of kinetic energy."

Nowhere in the many pages of speculation about this weather freak was mention even made of the one phenomenon that could not possibly have been known or calculated in advance. That was the introduction into the atmosphere of radioactive debris somewhere between Wrangell Island and Lake Baikal by a Russian A-bomb on November 10—within the forty-eight-hour period after November 9 when the "flux" first showed its effects on the weather maps.

The point is here emphasized that the bomb debris could not have *created* this cold wave. Where record snowfall was involved the chances are good that it would have snowed in the vicinity without the explosion. The argument is, rather, that the introduction of countless ions, at the right place and time, might have triggered off a much more severe chain of events than if the precipitation were accomplished by usual means. Since, as the Weather Bureau itself has noted, "the Gulf of Alaska region and the Yukon are favored sites for the generation of dynamic instability with enormous effects on the weather over the United States within forty-eight hours," any possibility of unusual influence in that general neighborhood ought to be considered.

Now the ions produced by a nuclear explosion do not all appear at the time of the detonation. As the radioactive debris is carried about in the stratosphere and atmosphere, each radioactive particle acts as an ion-generator for days, months or years after the initial creative blast. Atomic Energy Commissioner W. F. Libby, speaking at Northwestern University

A Different Conclusion

SIX groups of scientists—experts in genetics, pathology, meteorology, oceanography, agriculture, and waste disposal—reported to the National Academy of Sciences on June 12 on the biological effects of atomic radiation. The meterorologists pronounced these conclusions:

"There seems to have been an increase in unusual and undesirable weather in the past decade. When submitted to rigorous statistical tests, these apparent abnormalities do not exceed the limits that can be expected by chance and are consistent with accepted meteorlogical principles involving large-scale (hemispheric) weather patterns which could not be directly affected by the explosions. The failure to detect statistically significant changes in the weather during the first ten years of the Atomic Age is no proof that physically significant changes have not been produced by the explosions, but it does show that a careful physical analysis of the effects of atomic and thermonuclear explosions on the atmosphere must be made.

"The energy of even a thermonuclear explosion is small when compared to most large-scale weather processes. Moreover, it is known that much of this energy is expended in ways that cannot directly affect the atmosphere. Even the fraction of the energy which is directly added to the atmosphere is added in a rather inefficient manner from the standpoint of affecting the weather. Meteorologists and others acquainted with the problem are readily willing to dismiss the possibility that the energy released by the explosions can have any important direct effect on the weather processes. However, there remains the possibility that the explosions will serve as a trigger mechanism to direct some much larger material store of energy from the path it would otherwise have followed.

"Three general means by which this might be accomplished have been considered:

"1. The debris thrown into the air by the explosions may have some catalytic effect on the behavior of clouds and thereby change the regime of cloudiness or precipitation over wide areas.

"2. The radioactive nature of the debris will change the electrical conductivity of the air, and this may have some effect on more directly observable meteorological phenomena.

"3. The debris thrown into the stratosphere by the explosions may interfere with the passage of solar radiation and thereby serve to decrease the temperature of the earth.

"Our present knowledge of atmospheric physics makes difficult a final authoritative evaluation of any of those possibilities," but, "it is believed . . . unlikely . . . that nuclear explosions have . . . affected the weather."

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on January 20, 1956, estimated that the fallout from an H-bomb may stay in the atmosphere for an *average* period of ten years. N. Stewart, R. Crooks, and E. Fisher of Great Britain have reported that the major part of the radioactivity of even the 1952 *Operation Ivy* H-bomb is still circling the upper sky. It is logical to expect, then, that some effects of the Russian A-bomb of last November 10 would be felt over a sustained period, especially so since that blast was preceded by other A-bombs on August 4 and September 24, and followed by an H-bomb on November 22.

Last winter's weather, which was of unusual and persistent record-breaking nature throughout the Northern Hemisphere, may be a credible consequence of the Soviet explosions. Atmospheric conditions which develop over Siberia travel eastward, via the prevailing westerly winds at one level and, at a higher altitude, are moved by a jet stream capable of transporting radioactive debris once around the earth in about twenty-four days, or three-and-a-half weeks.

At the end of the first week after the culminating H-bomb explosion of November 22 a seven-fold increase in radioactive fallout was observed in Paris and in other cities around the Northern Hemisphere. On November 29 Buffalo (New York) was buried under its worst November snowstorm in history. Two weeks later Scandinavia reported extreme blizzards, and heavy snows blanketed the west of England while the northeast suffered drought. On December 19 sixty-mile winds hit Oregon and California. Next day the wind rose to 110 miles per hour atop Mt. Tamalpais.

All this weather was unusual. But each singularity was one of degree rather than a true abnormality. However, the jet stream which crosses the Pacific from Japan at a usual height upward of 20,000 feet dropped in December to within 6,000 feet of the earth's surface. All flights to Honolulu from the West Coast were cancelled. A Pan American Airways spokesman called the situation "unprecedented."

Along with the jet eccentricity came unusually heavy rain, and then flood, to California and Oregon. Across the country the Eastern coast suffered an early below-zero cold wave. Out in the Atlantic ship crossings were the roughest in thirty-five years.

On January 10, 1956, a new abnormality was observed. This time the weather reversed its usual course, pushing an icy storm from the eastern United States into the Middle West.

On January 14 the Weather Bureau report called attention to a serious soil-moisture deficiency in much of the Great Plains, far Southwest, and to a slightly less degree in many middle and southern areas. Much of that region had received less than 10 per cent of its customary precipitation in the prior five weeks. As a matter of fact, the city of St. Louis, Mo., had gone forty-one days without rainfall.

THROUGHOUT the winter Canada was subjected to extremely heavy snowstorms from Edmonton at the foot of the Rockies to Newfoundland in the North Atlantic. In Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, which has a normal winter snowfall of forty-seven inches, reported 14.7 *feet* of snow.

The weather reversal which occurred in the United States in January was duplicated in Europe in February. Blizzards raged from Scandinavia to Turkey and for twenty-six days frigid Siberian winds blew in from the east, moving the air opposite from its normal flow.

Weather reversals like these are rare. It could be argued that the European reversal was merely a maximum phenomenon of a weather cycle that had been proceeding for four years. However, it is precisely this time period in which more and larger nuclear devices have been exploded by the United States, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain. In arguing that the cold winters may be caused by the A-bombs and the H-bombs, no pretense is made at being definitive; the observations offered here are frankly speculative, with the intent of provoking thought and research.

One direction of research ought to follow the appearance of storms of quick development, erratic behavior, and unusually heavy precipitation. These would be the expected consequences of triggering ionic effects. The blizzard of March 16-17, 1956, which took the eastern United States by surprise and cost the city of New York at least $150,000,000, would fit that category. So would the snowfall of November 6-7, 1953. And the rain that drenched Boston in May 1954 —wettest single month in 136 years. While Boston sloshed in 13.38 inches of rain, Cape Cod, only fifty miles off, received less than 2.5 inches.

Re-examination of Dr. Langmuir's original cloud-seeding experiments

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—IV

"The Thinking Machine That Doesn't Know How to Sto

At Seventy-Five, Dr. Irving Langmuir Finds Old Ro Experiments May Answer the Atom's Threat to Weath

A STOCKY square-jawed man, abristle on top with a thick shock of frost—it is plain he is a gladiator even before you look into his eyes and see his mind come charging out to grapple with yours—walks into the research laboratory of the General Electric Company near Schenectady, New York, occasionally, sits down at a desk, and talks excitedly about the new paths science must take into the unknown.

This man is supposed to have retired. According to the calendar he has just passed his seventy-fifth birthday. But he bears no sign of age. His questions are staccato, his answers acid-sharp. He holds himself like a coiled spring, and you remember you read about him, "The clos thing we have to a thinking machir

This is Dr. Irving Langmuir, w gave us the gas-filled incandesc bulb that lights our nights, the hig vacuum tube that keeps us in tou with the whole world by radio, hydrogen welding flame that has d so much to lighten the weight of strengths in which we dwell a travel, and the first of the opti methods by which we detect virus toxins, poisons, and other invisi threats to our survival. In 1932 became the first American industr chemist to receive the Nobel Pr But he probably will be remembe in history books as the first man v actually caused it to rain

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Almost everyone thought that Dr. angmuir was putting the crown on is career when, in 1946, his brilliant oung associate, Dr. Vincent J. chaefer, breathed into a dry-ice iest and watched crystals form in ie air. The famous Langmuir imagi-ation jumped onto those crystals and ode right up into the clouds. Within matter of months he had the Office Naval Research involved in *Project irrus,* the purpose of which was to eed" clouds with crystals (either e or icelike silver iodide) and pre-pitate rain.

The rain fell, as he said it would. at there was always a question as to hether Nature would have done the b just as well if let alone. To prove his case Dr. Langmuir went into the arid hills of New Mexico and generated crystals which his calculation convinced him affected the weather all the way east to the Ohio River valley. When the doubters still were not convinced he went to Florida and dropped crystals onto a hurricane. The hurricane clouds broke, the storm came to a halt, and then swung around in a different direction and strewed $10,000,000 worth of damage across the Gulf coast. Frightened bureaucrats clamped the secrecy lid on the whole business for fear of lawsuits.

This year the Weather Bureau itself is going to try a variation of Langmuir's hurricane control scheme. And it is just as well that the Nobel laureate still feels adventuresome. For it is very likely that his daring type of speculative thinking will be needed to fix definitely the relationship between man-made rain and the effects of atomic radiation on our daily weather. His belief in such a relationship was plainly stated in what he calls "the theory of divergent phenomena."

Up to now, Dr. Langmuir says, science has made its greatest strides in discovery of direct cause-effect relationships. From now on, he predicts, progress will come from study of chain reactions, in which one small, perhaps imperceptible event cascades effects from any point in time.

"Perhaps my most deeply rooted hobby is to understand the mechanism of simple and familiar natural phenomena," he has written. There is no doubt whatever of the truth of that in the minds of his summer neighbors on Lake George. They have seen him sit in his boat, the *Penguin,* on the same spot in the lake hour after hour on a windy day fascinated by the behavior of bits of rags tied to long strings that float on the water.

This remarkable man, who is credited with saving the American people $1,000,000 a night in light bills, says "whatever has come in industrial applications has come incidentally from experiments followed for their interest alone."

With his wife Marion, and their son and daughter he has climbed mountains, skate-sailed on icy lakes, skiied the toughest slopes he could find—thinking all the while. The endlessness of his investigations was probably best illustrated when he made a casual flight from Syracuse to Schenectady with a friend who piloted his own plane. Throughout the flight the friend complained about a wing-tip vibration that disturbed the plane's motion at certain speeds. Langmuir, who had just learned to fly, took the controls briefly and said, "Get a shorter propeller!"

—J. L.

---

would appear to hold profitable potentialities at this juncture. Some very provocative scientific adventures have been undertaken since he and Dr. Vincent J. Schaefer first demonstrated that a handful of dry ice crystals (or ice-like silver iodide) could cause the precipitation of rain from moisture-laden clouds by providing nuclei around which drops were able to condense. Though he has not yet gained wide acceptance for his evidence that the silver iodide crystals he "planted" in the sky over New Mexico affected the weather as far east as the Ohio River valley, he did convince some meteorologists that chain reactions set off by the crystals could influence formation of severe storms long distances away.

Since electrical phenomena, such as alteration of the conductivity of the atmosphere, could prove to be the key to understanding of atomic effects on weather, however extensive they eventually may turn out, it is of interest to examine briefly recent controversial theories concerning the origin of thunderstorms and tornadoes.

Historically, the thunderstorm has been accepted as the electrical switching device nature uses to maintain the electric field between the negatively charged surface of the earth and the positively charged ionosphere sixty miles out in space. Earth's charge is continually leaking away into the air, and it has been postulated that lightning replenishes the loss. The supposition has been that falling raindrops generate the electric potential which results in the flashes.

ONE of Dr. Langmuir's former students, Dr. Bernard Vonnegut, now with Arthur D. Little, Inc., has speculated on the supposed relationship between raindrops and electricity. He theorizes that the electrical effects produce the rain instead of vice-versa. To show that an electric field can coalesce water drops, he has devised an elegantly simple experiment.

Water is passed through a tube which narrows progressively to a fine point and ultimately ejects a fine spray of droplets similar to a fountain. Then a source of electricity is brought near the spray. Immediately the droplets coalesce into a single blob of water. This shepherding of the moisture takes place even when the electricity is no greater than the static charge acquired by a comb passed quickly through the hair on the experimenter's head. It is therefore conceivable that the small electric field associated with ions could coalesce numerous already-nucleated water droplets into one large drop to trigger off a severe rainstorm.

From his speculation on the true nature of the thunderstorm, Dr. Vonnegut moves to the tornado. Lightning is invariably observed before and after a tornado's passage, but never during the presence of the destructive funnel. Hence, it appears that the funnel may be nothing more than a special type of multiple lightning—a cloud-clothed switch short-circuiting earth and sky, whirling at hundreds of miles an hour in response to the diametric pulls of inner heat and cooler surrounding air. What appears to be visual confirmation of this concept has been reported by the only known survivor of direct exposure to a tornado funnel's interior, an Oklahoma man who cringed in his storm cellar

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and looked up into a black void wreathed inside from top to bottom with a fiery blue corona.

Further electrical influences on weather have been explored by another former Langmuir associate: Dr. Schaefer, the man who initiated the rainmaking investigations in 1946 by breathing into a dry-ice chest and describing the crystals he saw forming in the frigid air. In a laboratory atop Mt. Washington, Dr. Schaefer has demonstrated that ice crystals grow faster and multiply more rapidly in the presence of an electric field. At the same time he has discovered that the seasonal variations which once marked ice crystal formation on the mountain top have disappeared since the first H-bomb explosion in 1952. Apparently some agent is triggering formation of crystals in the normally slack ice-crystal season.

Perhaps the most exciting of unexplained atmospheric electrical effects has been observed on the roof of the General Electric Research Laboratory outside Schenectady, N.Y. Here a weather station has been established since Dr. Langmuir inaugurated the cloud-seeding experiments under the name of *Project Cirrus* for the Office of Naval Research. One of the instruments at the station is a radioactive point collector, a sort of lightning rod that measures electrical changes in the air overhead. A needle registers the variations by moving back and forth on a dial.

Raymond E. Falconer, who mans the station regularly, first noticed a relationship between positive dial readings and the presence of the jet stream in that neighborhood of the sky. He found that he could almost always tell when the jet was above the station, even when the weather maps did not say so.

On the morning of June 9, 1953, a sky camera belonging to the Munitalp Foundation and operated by Dr. Schaefer began snapping pictures at the rate of one per minute. Fortunately for what was about to transpire, the lens was pointed toward the east.

THAT the jet stream was overhead early in the morning had been plainly indicated by the positive reading of the needle on the dial attached to the radioactive point collector. At 10:30 am the surface wind, which had been light, shifted suddenly and picked up speed. The camera at that time recorded increasing cloudiness. At 12:30 pm the pictures showed eight or ten towers of clouds just north of the laboratory zooming upward to a height of 40,000 feet and starting to revolve counter-clockwise. It was a phenomenon rarely seen in the skies of the eastern United States. The needle on the radioactive point collector held to the positive side of the dial for five minutes, swung negative for forty-five minutes, and returned to positive. A few large raindrops fell at 12:45 pm, and a three-minute rain began at 1:20 pm. The camera watched the sky clear over New York while the clouds moved eastward into Massachusetts.

Suddenly, at 3:15 pm, the needle swung sharply negative and remained on that side of the dial until 6:15 o'clock. Later the report came in that at 3:20 pm—five minutes after the big dip of the needle—a tornado struck Petersham, Massachusetts.

Petersham is ninety miles away from Schenectady. How was the electric potential of the tornado transmitted through the air to the instrument?

On only one other occasion has a sharp prolonged drop in the positive reading of the instrument been recorded in the atmosphere above Schenectady. That was on the day in May 1953 when the mushroom cloud of an A-bomb blast in Nevada penetrated the jet stream and was carried across country until it was precipitated in a thunderstorm over Albany. The radioactive fallout that came down with that rain kept the needle close to the zero reading of the dial for three weeks.

It is to be hoped that this summer of 1956 will mark the turning point in research into *divergent* weather phenomena. Studies are scheduled by other scientists who have become convinced that only a subtle variant is necessary to generate the first breath of a hurricane's life. John Lear discusses their documentation in his column, RESEARCH IN AMERICA, on page 30 of this *Saturday Review*. It is worth mentioning that the salts he identifies as nuclei for the formation of raindrops can be found, among other places, in nuclear bomb debris. Even more significant, in view of this article's argument, are the electrical charges he associates with the origin of water droplets at the surface of the sea.

In the prevailing condition of our ignorance, categorical pronouncements are not in order. Even if the chances of nuclear bomb effects on the weather are extremely small, the human and economic stakes are high enough to merit a serious and mature consideration. Our place in history depends on our willingness to be self-searching. We can protect ourselves and our descendants against genetic damage, to a degree, by controlling our exposure to X-rays and similar sources of radioactivity. What happens to the weather will affect everyone on earth.

HOW TO TRACK THE WEATHER

To test the feasibility of making rain with silver-iodide crystals we can make the crystals with radioactive silver. Blow these into the air along with another isotope we shall call X. Collect and analyze any rain that falls. Scorecard will show whether rain was provided by man or by Nature.

The high altitude jet stream is crossed, sometimes broken, by other trajectories of air. How? We could find out by dropping isotopes into a cross-current and seeing where they emerge.

The importance of nearby lakes and other local water bodies in providing moisture for raincloud could be evaluated by release of tritiated water (water made with triple hydrogen) near the lake surface. Ana'ysis of subsequent rain would provide evidence of the likely source of moisture.

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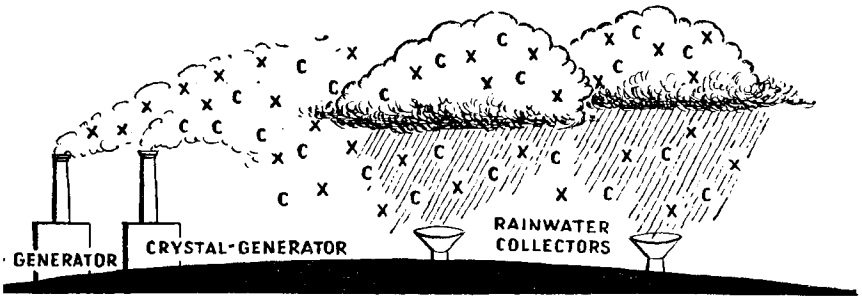
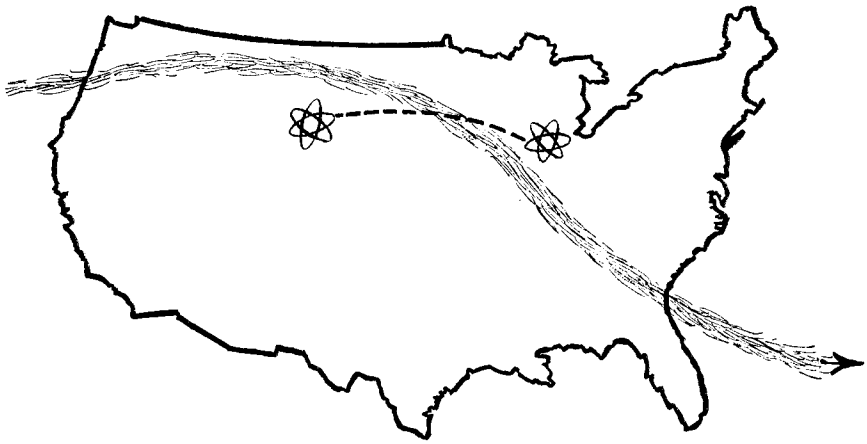
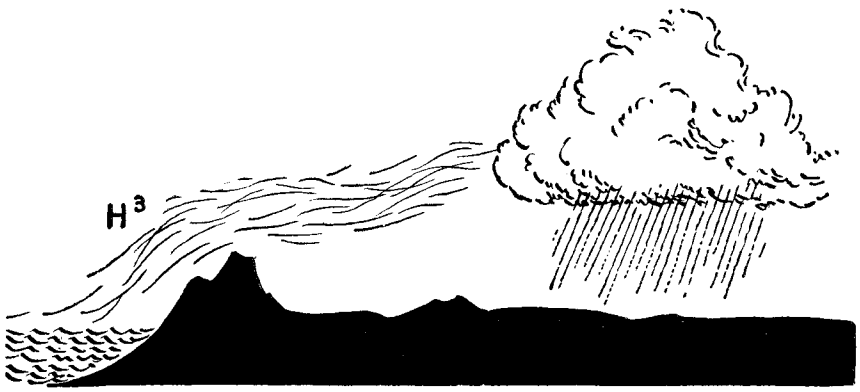
ne of the few men in the U. S. Weather Bureau who has spoken up for intensified search into the effects of the Atom Age on the weather is Dr. Lester Machta, rector of a secret project group which studies the fallout patterns of our own bombs and H-bombs. In an address to the American Nuclear Society in Chicago st month he suggested the use of radioisotopes as tracers to determine the corctness of Dr. Irving Langmuir's theory that man can provoke clouds into giving in. Three of Dr. Machta's proposed experiments in atmospheric physics are ustrated directly below, with explanatory captions in the column to their left.



RETENTION IN RAINWATER

"X"	YES	NO	NO	YES
RADIO-SILVER CRYSTALS	YES	NO	YES	NO
DID CRYSTAL STIMULATE RAIN?	NO	NO	YES	NO





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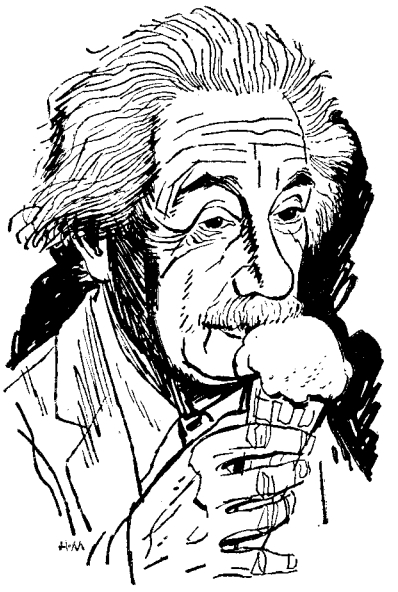
LETTER FROM A PULPIT



HOW EINSTEIN CAME TO PRINCETON

A Recruiting Story from the Past, Of a Genius Charmed by Simple Pleasures

I WAS not the one who recruited the late Albert Einstein for the faculty of the Institute for Advanced Study. But I like to believe it was I, as a broke and lonely student at Princeton, who made him welcome to the real America. Certainly I was first to share with him the delicious mysteries of an ice-cream cone and dime-store shopping. Those simple pleasures so absorbed the utterly simple and unpretentious human behind his towering genius that neither he nor I felt required to speak a word.

The year was 1933, and the month October. I was a divinity student at the Princeton Seminary. The newspapers had been full of headlines reporting the flight of the famous scientist from Germany. As a member of a minority he felt the full scorn and hate of a vengeful political party in his own country. Seeking a place of peace where he could quietly pursue his studies, he chose haven here. After he was safely on board a transatlantic ship the papers began to make ever larger headlines of his coming.

At last the 17th of October dawned, the day when the ship was to reach the Port of New York. Public excitement had been whipped to frenzy of such pitch that even the quiet town of Princeton had become infected. Every student with sufficient cash and class-cuts left in his school schedule, vanished from the village, and headed for the pier where Einstein was due to set foot on American soil.

As usual in those Depression days, I was low on cash. Besides, I lacked the allowable class-cuts to make the trip. So, on the day Einstein came to America I felt very much alone and quite forlorn. The newness of school had worn off, the burden of strange lessons was bearing down, my family was in St. Louis, and my favorite girl was in California. I wandered up Nassau Street, in the center of the business district, to the Baltimore, an ice cream shop which we all called "The Balt."

"The Balt" had a special ice-cream cone which almost all students automatically bought to nibble while they made up their minds which of more choice sodas or sundaes they would order. This delightful treat consisted simply of vanilla ice cream in a cone which the waitress dipped into a huge bowl of chocolate dragees.

Without thinking too much about the matter I ordered this confection and turned to observe the street outside as my order was being filled. At that moment a very short, dumpy, little man wearing a nondescript grey sweater and baggy trousers passed the window, looked in, and opened the door. His long grey hair, flowing free toward the back of his head, was a familiar sight already because of the news photographers.

Einstein!

Einstein's boat was not yet at the pier in New York. Yet Einstein walked through the doorway just as the waitress behind the counter handed me my special ice-cream cone!

The great man looked at the cone, smiled at me, turned to the girl, and pointed his thumb first at the cone and then at himself.

I wish I could say that I had the generosity or presence of mind to pay for Einstein's first typically American treat. But that would not be the truth. When the waitress handed his cone over the counter Einstein gave her a coin and she made change, muttering something like "This one goes in my memory book."

Einstein and I stood there toget then, nibbling our ice cream c and looking out the window into N sau Street. Neither of us said anyth We finished the cones about the s instant and I think I held the c for him as he stepped out.

Outside "The Balt" we stood gether momentarily, still not sayi word. Then, as though we were re ing each other's minds, we walkec the street together to the dime st We went into the store together stopped side by side in front of counter containing school supp Pencils could be had for a penny in those days, and I bought on also bought an eraser. Einstein wa the act of picking out a pencil he particularly liked when the tw us were suddenly pinned against counter by a mob of students.

From the looks of them I took t all to be undergraduates on Princeton campus. Eight score were jammed in the narrow aisle that store. No one could move. Ev one was pressing as close as he c to the counter, trying to see Eins

Where had they come from? had they arrived so fast? I cou recall having seen five students in direction as we walked the few s from "The Balt" to the dime s The gang just appeared out of where, as though in psychic resp to the great man who has appe out of nowhere.

Trapped against the counter, ur to move or even to finish buying pencil he had chosen, Einstein lo as calm and undisturbed as th this kind of thing happened to every day.

There must have been someone did not share his aplomb. Perhaps

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manager of the store grew worried about the size of the crowd. Somehow word reached the village police force, and several policemen appeared and shouldered through the mob to escort Einstein away. The students immediately closed in behind the police, and I did not reach the sidewalk with my new pencil and eraser until everyone else had gone. My new friend was nowhere in sight by the time I got out of the store.

That evening, at suppertime, my fellows at the Seminary came straggling home from New York. Disappointment showed large on their faces. They reported that they had stood on the pier and scrutinized each person who came off the ship. No one had seen Albert Einstein. They reported that jostling mobs had stormed the area for a glimpse of the famous scientist. But no one had seen him at all. Everyone was baffled.

When I spoke up and said that Einstein and I had eaten ice-cream cones together at "The Balt" that afternoon and shopped at the five-and-ten for pencils and erasers, I was hooted down as a man unworthy of the cloth.

NEXT morning *The New York Times* explained everything. Einstein had been taken off the liner at the Battery and was met there by two trustees of the Institute for Advanced Study, who drove him to Princeton. The official Welcoming Committee and an attendant throng had waited in vain at the 23rd Street pier in Manhattan, innocent of what was happening.

The *Times* reported that in the late afternoon of that day Einstein accompanied Dr. Walter Mayer in a walk from the Peacock Inn to the center of Princeton to buy a newspaper. The *Times* did not know it, but that walk with Dr. Mayer was Einstein's second walk uptown. The first one was taken alone. Einstein must have gone directly to the home that had been secured for him in the town, changed into comfortable old clothes, and gone out to explore his new environment. It was right daylight—probably not before 5 p.m. and not later than 4—when he looked into the window at "The Balt" and saw my ice-cream cone.

Almost every day of that school year I passed Einstein on the Seminary campus as he walked from his home to the campus of the Institute for Advanced Study. Other students who spoke German sometimes conversed with him. Not knowing German, I could only nod and call "Hello!" But I always felt I knew him much better than the other fellows did. He seemed to say so, too, in the way he always smiled. —JOHN A. LAMPE, D.D.,
pastor, Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, Ohio.

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

THE HAND AND THE BRAIN

MAN has been set apart from the other animals by his upright posture and highly developed brain. He has been distinguished as the creature that laughs, speaks, or thinks. He has also been described as the creature that has a culture. These attributes are all true, some at least in degree, but perhaps the fundamental fact that makes most of them possible and certainly sustains all of them is the technology that has become so much a part of man that it is virtually impossible to conceive of him without it.

The simple ability to use tools is perhaps not a completely exclusive faculty of man. Apes are known to use sticks or boxes to attain a goal. But no other animal has employed tools so persistently as even primitive man has done. Man not only uses stray objects as tools—as extensions of his arms and hands—but he makes them artfully, with increasing skill and variety. No other animal except man has shown the slightest ability to build on past achievement and to develop the accumulation of technology that culture and civilization represent.

We know virtually nothing about the precise way by which this tool-using and tool-making propensity of man became an established attribute of his. We do know, however, that man through the peculiar circumstances of his evolution inherited anatomical adaptations that made it possible for him to make and use tools. It has long been agreed that the arboreal adaptation of the primates provided the means of preserving a remarkably generalized hand. The necessity, in moving about in the trees, for grasping, for reaching, for holding branches—in short for using the hand and foot in the most flexible manner possible—made the ancient five-fingered hand a valuable mechanism. Its adaptation for such purposes was enhanced by the acquisition of the ability of opposing the thumb to the other fingers, thus permitting a true grasp.

The human hand, although a heritage of adaptation to arboreal life, is also admirably fitted for other functions that could not have been anticipated of primitive primates living in trees. But the hand could scarcely have acquired these new functions until it was released from its old ones. Man acquired apparently at the very outset of his career an ability to walk on his legs, freeing his arms from the responsibilities of locomotion.

We cannot assert with confidence that man's ancestors took to ground living because of their burgeoning intellectual equipment. Nor do we know very much about the role of the brain in guiding the initial stages of the emancipation of the hand. As far as the fossil evidence goes, it suggests that upright posture and some use of the hand as a tool were well established before brain volume had increased very much.

IT is a reasonable hypothesis in our present state of knowledge to assume that living on the ground and the use of the hand for manipulative, explorative, and creative purposes furnished an additional stimulus that later led to the enormous increase of the brain and its intellectual capacity in man. This, in turn, would have enabled the hand to perform more and more elaborate functions and thus for man himself to begin the arduous business of accumulating a culture. Here we would have what amounts to a kind of feedback—the brain and culture mutually affecting each other, with the hand, at least in early stages, mediating the process to a large extent.

We would expect, if this hypothesis is correct, that a substantial increase in brain size would follow on the acquisition of a human-like posture. I am inclined to believe that it was precisely this shift in locomotion, coupled with its consequences for the hand, that provided one of the factors in the evolution of the hominid brain.

—HARRY L. SHAPIRO,
in "Man Culture, and Society" (Oxford University Press).

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

Research often leads in directions quite different from the one first intended by a curious experimenter. Nevertheless, every scientific inquiry must begin with a question. Why this? How that? What if? The Editors have invited scientists to suggest new areas for fruitful research. Answers will appear on this page as they are received.

LEO F. KOCH (*University of Illinois*): Not so long ago *penicillium* and *actinomyces*, both relatively primitive plants called fungi, were unknown except to specialists. Now they are recognized as a source of antibiotic drugs. Might proper inquiry not reveal some similar benefit from those other primitives, the Bryophytes? Bryophytes are mosses and liverworts (small, green, flattened plants which reproduce by spores; their bodies contain no specialized cells for conduction of water or food). Countless times beginning students in elementary biology have asked, "Of what use are Bryophytes?" Countless times the answer has been that there is no important use. Yet Bryophytes are chemically unique. Whereas other plants must constantly be guarded against infestation by various beetles and insects, Bryophytes require little or no protection from pests. The chemical basis for this relative immunity has never been investigated. The biochemistry, indeed the physiology, of Bryophytes remains unknown.

W. O. MILLIGAN (*Professor of Chemistry, The Rice Institute; and Director of Research, The Robert A. Welch Foundation*): The structure of theoretical solids, which are assumed to extend infinitely in three-dimensions, is reasonably well understood. However, the structure of real solids, which possess surface boundaries, involves numerous important and interesting problems. There exists a need for detailed information concerning the structure and properties of the solid surface. The surface properties assume special significance when the ratio of surface to volume becomes large. For example, a one-inch cube possesses a surface area of six square inches, whereas the same volume of material, subdivided into cubes of one-millionth-of-an-inch edge, will have a surface area of almost an acre. The application and need for surface or colloid chemistry is increasing every day, especially in the fields of catalysis, pigments and soils. [EDITOR'S NOTE: *The importance of surface properties in catalysis is probably best illustrated by the "cracking" of petroleum into gasoline. The crude oil is broken down into progressively finer compounds by being passed through honeycomb-like arrangements of metal, usually either platinum or vanadium. All the reaction takes place at the surface of the metal, which must have a large total area in order to provide effective contact with huge flows of liquid. The manufacture of sulfuric acid from raw sulfur involves a similar process. The adhesion of dyes to cotton and wool fabrics, and the consequent depth of color, depends on the surface qualities of sub-microscopic bits of pigment. And the growth of plants in clays or sand is affected by surfaces to which roots are exposed.*]

MASON LADD (*State University of Iowa*): The interrelationship of law to the sciences is very close in many areas. Good work has been done, for example, in respect to chemical tests to determine intoxication. However, less legal research has been directed to scientific matter than in other fields of law. I believe more research would be profitable upon law as it functions to activate the results of progress in the scientific world. The utilization of scientific advancements require exploration of legal concepts through which they must operate. The legal aspects of scientific advancement may be simple or complex and may require the development of new law. In medicine, the eye of a recently deceased person may be transplanted to a living person who is going blind, yet eye-banks like bone, tissue, and blood banks are short in supply. Legal means through testamentary disposition or otherwise may well be explored to make more available the source of supply of these vital organs to provide greater life to the living..

JOHN A. CLAUSEN (*Chief, Laboratory of Socio-environmental Studies, National Institute of Mental Health*): Certain types of political crisis and perhaps of political framework tend to bring to the fore leaders who can exploit the emotional vulnerabilities of large segments of the population. This is an area for interdisciplinary research. Under what circumstances do political and economic developments foster intense frustration and widescale emotional insecurity? Under what circumstances do various social movements provide a therapeutic outlet for the expression of insecurity and frustration? What happens to the recognition and treatment of individual psychopathology within such movements and at such times? Someone ought to work in this area if that person can see more clearly than I do the most fruitful way to proceed

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

HITHER ZIRCONIUM?

PULLED MY BLANKETS over my head and inged after reading your account of the oduction of zirconium [*SR* June 2]. (I ppen to be in a hospital bed at the oment.)

I like your approach to science re-rting, except for one very basic ing—your approach to the treatment facts is the antithesis of science. Even ry simple undisputed facts, widely ac-pted terminology, and basic concepts e so frequently garbled that it is em-rrassing to the reader. Your columns ve internal evidence of carelessness and srespect for the reader.

To be specific:

"Zirconium is the metal that bounces utrons off its skin like harmless rub-r balls."

"Zirconium . . . can withstand extreme ats" (do you mean temperatures?).

"Zirconium . . . is closely bound to antithesis, hafnium . . ." (Hafnium is ficult to remove from zirconium only cause they are so similar physically and emically that where one goes the other ids to go also. They are not "bound" any reasonable sense.)

"Absorbs neutrons at a violent rate . . ."

"The separation process . . . etc." de-ibes the history of the sodium reduc-n process, which does *not* separate conium from hafnium.

Perhaps I am just in a mean mood, and ll be kinder next week. Please don't e my name if you want to publish any the letter. But at any rate please solicit re opinions on your style from science-nded people, and see if I am unique in liking it.

NAME DELETED.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We have submitted the conium manuscript to atomic experts m Oak Ridge. They say that since /*RESEARCH *is intended for the lay pub-and consequently must be written in neral terms, they find cause for criti-m on only one point—the writer's No. Even there, some traces of hafnium are moved in the reduction of zirconium.*

MENTS OF ERROR

VANT TO SAY how pleased I am with ir new department *SR*/RESEARCH. One irs a great deal about the narrowness scientists and about the desirability of ring scientists acquainted with the hu-nities. It is very gratifying to see a gazine like *The Saturday Review* show other side of the coin.

leading over the article on Otto Hahn [Apr. 21] I noticed a couple of ior points needing correction. When mi did his neutron work there were y eighty-eight, not ninety-two, ele-nts. Missing were technetium (43), methium (61), astatine (85), and ncium (87). The element which Fermi erved was not element 93 (93, inci-ntally, is neptunium, not plutonium). e isotope which could have been pre-ed by neutron irradiation of uranium was neptunium 239, having a half life of 2.3 days, whereas the activity which Ferni identified with element 93 had a half-life of sixteen minutes.

HARRAH THOMAS,
University of California.
Berkeley, Calif.

ASTRONOMICAL NOISE

IN YOUR ADAPTATION of the first chapter of my book, "The Changing Universe" [*SR* June 2], may I point out a possible misimpression? In radio-astronomy electronic telescopes are used to detect radio waves coming from space. These radio waves, like the signals of terrestrial broadcasting stations, can produce sound in loudspeakers. But you state that radio astronomers listen to "sound waves that come from the sky" and "sound waves from the depths of space." This implies that they listen to sound directly. Actually, they tune in on the radio waves which may then be transformed into sound waves by suitable apparatus. The skies are indeed "noisy," but in the radio engineer's—not the layman's—sense.

One other point. Restless electrons produce pulses of energy, but the pulses do not "move at different speeds." All electronic waves—including light, radio waves, and so on—travel at the same speed: the speed of light. Since they start moving at different times, however, the waves beat out different rhythms.

JOHN PFEIFFER.
New Hope, Pa.

SEWER IN THE SEA?

I WOULD LIKE TO call attention to the reference to Cal. Tech's Dr. James Booner's contention [*SR* June 2] that with the explosive rise of the world population we will have to look elsewhere for additional foods to provide an adequate diet. He suggests several sources, one of which is algae from the oceans. But this does not seem to me to be taking into account the more recent developments of atomic power. Much real thought is now being given to the disposal of the waste products of nuclear fission or fusion, and the use of the oceans is being considered. If atomic waste disposal is made into the oceans, not only the fish (an abundant source of protein food at the present) but algae as well will become radioactive. Could it be that we may have to make the decision one day of using the oceans of a source of food or as a sewer?

EDITH A. FOLSOM, R.N.
La Jolla, Calif.

SEGREGATING THE INTEGRATION!

SURELY AL LANSING did not mean "The success of racial integration on the battlefield is now an old story. The growing segregation that has taken place since the war . . ." [*SR* June 2]. Isn't some correction or retraction in order?

NORMAN J. LEVY, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We offer apologies to the Defense Department. What Al Lansing wrote was "the growing integration."*

MISSILE SYSTEMS

ELECTRONICS

Significant developments at Lockheed Missile Systems Division have created new openings for engineers and physicists in fields related to: UHF and microwave receivers; antennas; radomes; countermeasures; radar systems; propagation; circuit techniques; radar reflectivity; guidance; semi-conductor and magnetic amplifiers. *Inquiries are invited about positions in these fields.* Please address the Research and Engineering Staff at Van Nuys.

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7-7

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1163

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

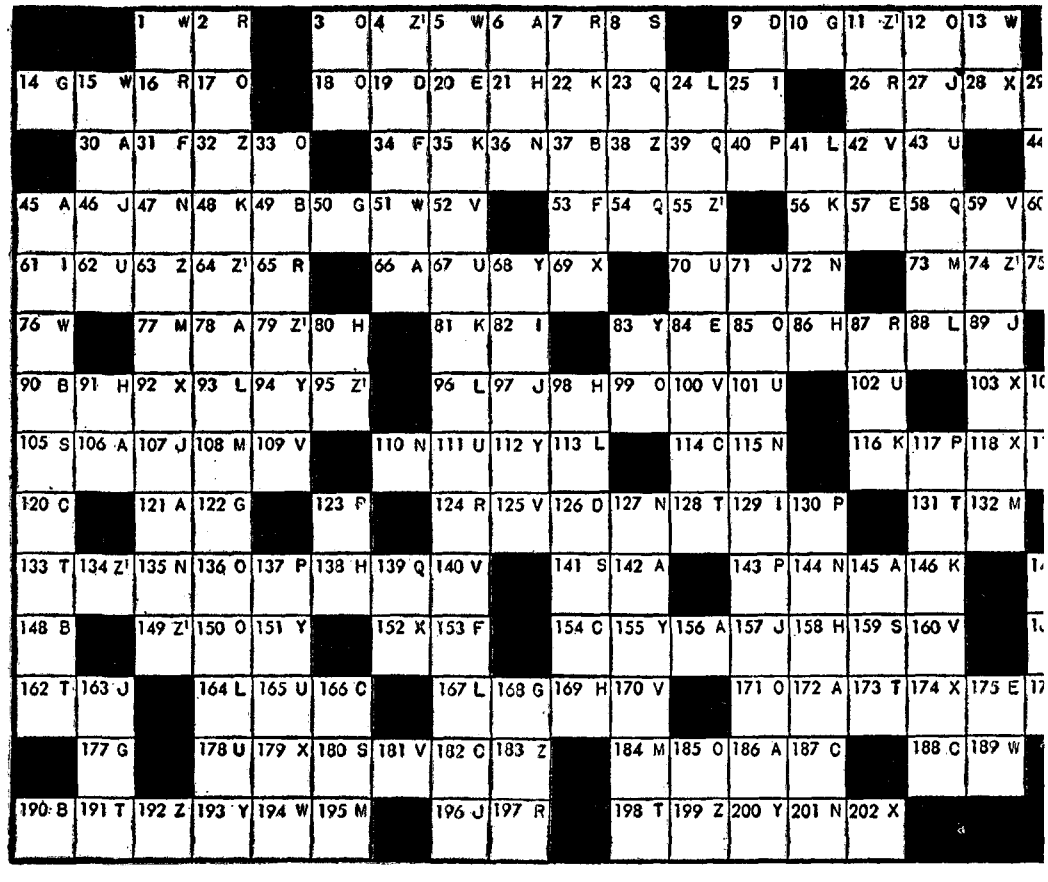
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Followed by Word S, the imaginary "elixir" of the alchemists.	45 106 156 186 121 145 172 6 66 78 142 30
B. Engraved likeness on a coin.	190 90 161 49 37 148
C. Belgian order for civil and military merit, symbol 8-pointed cross.	187 166 188 154 114 182 120
D. Mother of Apollo and Artemis.	126 75 19 9
E. With "the," civilized Asiatic countries.	57 20 175 84
F. Idle talk; humbug (slang).	34 31 153 53
G. What first called Poe's attention to that Raven (comp.).	122 168 50 177 14 119 10
H. Act of inferring from premises.	169 86 21 91 98 158 138 80
I. Family name of Ovid.	82 61 25 129
J. Significant.	196 157 46 71 163 97 27 89 107
K. Marked as a throwback.	35 48 81 56 22 116 146
L. Pertaining to the morning.	167 88 164 41 60 93 24 96 113
M. Poured out freely.	195 184 132 108 77 73
N. In bridge, describing a suit established by trumping small cards which pull adversaries' high ones (2 wds.).	36 144 115 110 47 127 135 72 201

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Tropical South Amer. creeping plant, whose root yields valuable drug.	18 3 12 171 150 136 185 85 17 33
P. Italian cardinal who summoned Luther before his tribunal.	137 117 143 176 40 123 130
Q. Pertaining to the last struggle of life.	23 58 54 39 44 139
R. Given name of N. Y. Roosevelt, contemporary, journalist, soldier, diplomat, writer, 1893—.	197 87 124 26 2 7 16 65
S. See Word A.	105 180 141 159 8
T. Aristocrat in Europe, bottled goods in Kentucky.	198 162 173 128 133 131 191
U. Amir of Afghanistan 77 years ago, pensioned by British in India (2 wds.).	70 67 178 111 62 101 165 102 43
V. With "Guillaume de," Provençal troubadour, hero of a gruesome legend (12th cent.).	100 42 109 59 52 181 125 140 170 16
W. Friends' college for men founded 1833.	15 104 194 51 76 189 5 13 1
X. Cover completely as by a great wave.	152 28 179 174 103 202 69 118 92
Y. Florida woodpecker becoming extinct (comp.).	193 68 200 155 151 147 83 112 94
Z. Third-generation sculptor, inventor of the "stabile" and "mobile".	32 38 63 192 183 199
Z¹. Thoroughly; in all places.	29 74 4 55 95 149 11 64 134 79

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 24 of this issue.

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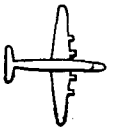

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There will be twenty-six awards in all for SATURDAY REVIEW readers who have taken unusual pictures, in either color or black-&-white, during vacation or business trips abroad or at home during the past year.

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S annual World Travel Calendar issue. The next Calendar, to appear January 5, 1957, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs, with many pages devoted to the award-winning pictures. The Grand Prize winner will be reproduced on the cover of the January 5th issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—leading color and magazine photographer.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Read THE SATURDAY REVIEW regularly for additional Award news.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white.

Deadline for entries is October 12, 1956. Send your entries on or before that date to:

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The Saturday Review

25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

Should the Grand Prize winner prefer some other trip than the one outlined above, its equivalent for one or two persons to any points served by Pan American World Airways can be arranged on request.

*Trade Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Award Rules

The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. yone is eligible except employees of THE SATURDAY VIEW, Pan American World Airways, members their families, and individuals who personally, any members of whose families, are engaged in manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or prosional use of photographic goods.

Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1955, ring a trip away from home for either holiday or siness purposes.

Black-and-white photographs

. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints no ger than 8 x 10, unmounted.

. On the back of the photograph must appear; ne, age, and address of photographer; make of nera and film used in taking the picture; date d place it was shot.

. Developing and printing may be done by a oto-finisher or the entrant. No black and white nts from color transparencies will be accepted. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted, but original negatives must be available when called for.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. **Color photographs**

a. Original mounted color *transparencies* must be submitted (preferably mounted in metal or cardboard, not glass).

b. Color prints are not eligible.

c. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and should be written directly on each mount.

d. Color stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. Transparencies not awarded prizes will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. THE SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than six black-and-white prints and/or six color transparencies to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS DEPARTMENT. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 12th, 1956, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWELVE PICTURES, SIX IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner. Winning black-and-white pictures and color transparencies become the property of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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